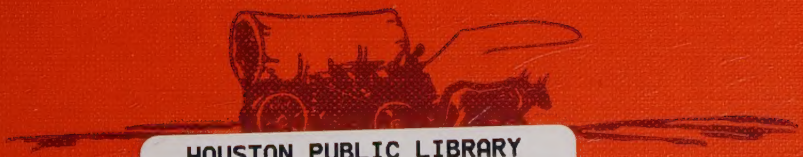
Range Rider

BUD COWAN



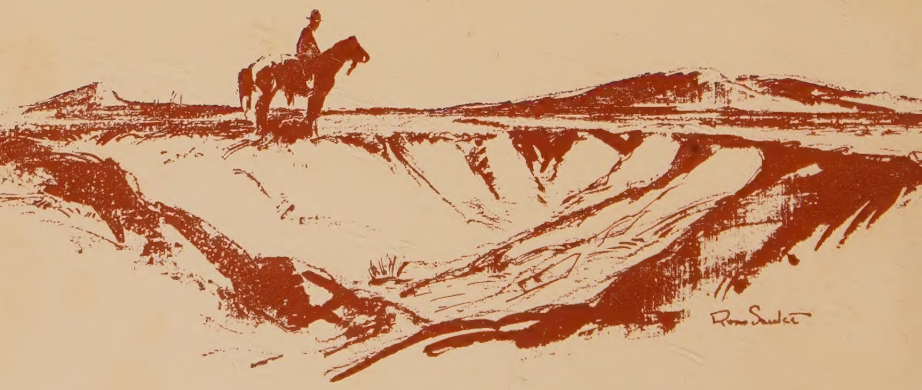
HOUSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
R0125037713

HOUSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
HOUSTON, TEXAS

DISCARD

RANGE RIDER

FATHER WENT ON AHEAD TO SCOUT FOR GRASS AND WATER.



Range Rider

BY BUD COWAN

AN INTRODUCTION BY
B. M. BOWER

T
11.7.2
C

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSS SANTEE

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC.
GARDEN CITY, N. Y.
1930

121717

R01250 37713

DISCARD

COPYRIGHT, 1939
BY R. E. COWAN
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES AT
THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS
GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	After the War	1
II	The Trek North	7
III	With the Indians in Pursuit	22
IV	A Solo Flight	32
V	It Was All a Part of Range Life	45
VI	Trail Work	72
VII	The Capture of Big-nosed George	92
VIII	Rustling Trouble, a Stampede, and the Trail Ends	107
IX	Johnnie Rix, Cowboy. Round-up Technique	121
X	Wyoming Loses an Outlaw. A Southern Shopping Trip. Horse Talk	136
XI	Polly Learns a Lot and the Hole-in-the-Wall Is Cleaned Out	166
XII	Near Trouble	184

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
XIII	A Graduate Cowman	201
XIV	A Beginning	215
XV	The War Interrupts Life on the Range	230
XVI	Some Work and Some Play Take Us North	251
XVII	After Mixing with Neighbors, a Steer, a Nest of Bees, and a Hailstorm, I Ride the Border—and Return	271

ILLUSTRATIONS

Father went on ahead to scout for grass and water *Frontispiece*

PAGE

Mother and us kids were in the first wagon 8

I made a throw at a gentle horse and happened to catch a half-broke bronc that was in Frank Cunningham's string 36

The Indians were still running when they reached the break in the Platte 68

Cattle Brands 76

Jimmie and I knew we were lost 148

Let's see how many you tie down in this one 268

INTRODUCTION

I FIRST *met Bud Cowan when he came up into Montana with the trail herd he tells about. A bunch of us got together for an evening of song and other diversions, and one of the boys brought Bud along. A stranger—for about fifteen minutes. He had a guitar which he had brought with him on the long trail, and a mandolin. I can see him now sitting in a kitchen chair reinforced with "hay" wire; one foot laid across the other knee, big spurs clinking to the pat of his riding boot on the bare floor, eyes twinkling while he sang "All coons look ali-ike to me." It's a pity Bud's voice can't go into his book. In all the years I lived on the range there has been only one Bud Cowan. When he says he has walked miles on a schoolhouse organ, playing for dances, he puts it modestly. Organ, piano, guitar, mandolin—he played them all. Between times he would sing—an Al Jolson of the rangeland. And I'm not kidding. I mean it. He could have made a name for himself on the stage, if he*

hadn't been just Bud Cowan. I knew all about his tying down the steer and getting bawled out for it. Every puncher on the range told me about it. I knew when the big storm blew the camp down—I was in that one myself; not the camp, but the storm. I knew about his session with the horse, the steer, and the hornets. Bud was a sight to behold, my word for that.

I have read his Range Rider *with a keen relish. If the earlier part is as straight as his Montana experiences you can bank on the whole book being true as words can make it. I will say he left out some things—maybe I ought to do something about that. I could tell a lot if I dared. It would be mighty interesting, but it might swell Bud's head, so I won't.*

B. M. BOWER.

RANGE RIDER

NOTICE
Please do not write in this
book or turn down the pages

CHAPTER I: After the War

IT WAS late in the fall of 1865 in Hempstead, Texas, when General Custer was stationed there, cleaning up after the war. All soldiers that wanted to go were mustered out of service. They were mustered out because they had won the final victory over the South.

Soldiers were going in all directions to get back to their homes the best way they could. Some had a little money, and those that had bought saddle horses, and those that hadn't walked, and lived off the country.

One soldier in particular who had been mustered out started for Illinois. He got as far as Fort Worth, on the Trinity River, and while looking for food, wild turkeys, and the like, he discovered an ideal piece of land, and made up his mind that he would settle there. This place was above old Fort Worth. He had bought a pony, and had with him a Negro who had been

general roustabout in the same company in the army.

This soldier's name was James A. Cowan, but the Negro's name was never learned. He went by the name of Snowball, and had walked all the way from Hempstead by the side of Jim's horse. He swore he'd never leave Marsa Jim, and he never did.

When Jim enlisted he was a young farmer in Effingham County, Illinois, and owned one hundred and sixty acres of good farm land. He left his farm and a sweetheart when he went to war, and told her he would marry her when he got back. But he found new land on his way home. He said to Snowball:

"Snowball, we're going to make us a home right here. There is the prettiest piece of farm land ever laid outdoors."

So they went in to Fort Worth, got some axes and what provisions they had to have, and went to work building a house. They built the house and barn out of logs cut down on the Trinity River bottom and dragged up with their saddle horse. They built a sod smoke house too, dug a

well, and then Jim got a job working for a cow outfit over on the Staked Plains.

He found that the cowmen who had gone to war had left their cattle to shift for themselves. There were thousands and thousands of cattle, some of them as old as six years, that didn't have a scratch on them, and it was then and there that Jim turned into a cowman.

Every man riding for the X I T outfit was branding for himself whenever he got any unbranded cattle in his drive, so when Jim got through with the round-up work he had a pretty fair start in cattle. He drove his herd home and picked out a few nice two-year-old steers after they had healed, and broke them to the yoke. Nearly everyone used oxen in Texas in those days.

Jim and Snowball had quite a bunch of broke cattle, and Jim managed for a few head of saddle horses. With these they looked after the rest of the cattle, besides getting in a small crop of cotton and grain for feed and flour. They raised buckwheat, corn, wheat, and oats.

There was a millstone at Fort Worth where

everyone in the community took grain to have it ground. At that time everyone raised everything that was eaten, except salt and coffee. Their meats consisted of beef, pork, wild turkeys, antelope, and deer. Sometimes they killed peccaries, which were a kind of wild hog, really being hogs that had run wild during the war.

Father tells the story that once when his company was marching through a certain district a peccary ran across the road into the brush, and one of the company said, "There goes a half a hog!" After going a little farther, another ran across the road, and one of the other boys said, "There goes the other half of that hog!"

In the spring of 1866 Jim left Snowball to look after things while he went back to Illinois and got his bride. While he was back home he sold his old farm and went to Terre Haute, Indiana, got married, bought four horses and a wagon and got ready for the trip back to Texas. He got home to Texas in time to help get everything ready for winter. Snowball had not been idle. He had put in a good crop, taken care of the cattle, and had developed into a real cow-

boy. He had branded all the calves and quite a few mavericks.

Texas was full of cattle then, and the big problem was getting them to a market. The cattlemen would trail their beef to St. Louis and after getting them there would have to sell them for from ten to fifteen dollars a head, so you see there was no big money in raising cattle in that country.

About that time word came in of a new railroad being built from St. Louis west through Kansas. Well, men began to talk of trailing north to the railroad. Esau Maverick was the first one to make the effort. He got together a number of stockmen around Fort Worth, each having put in so many head, and they trailed north to Abilene with the first herd. Jim Cowan put in what beef he had and went to Abilene with them, and the beef were in better condition when they landed there in Kansas than they were when they started from home.

The next year, 1868, a man by the name of Chisolm took a herd up, and a man named Blocker did the same. Their trail was called the Old Chisolm Trail. Mr. Blocker finally made a

business of trailing cattle, having two or three herds traveling all the time.

After the first herd went up to Kansas Jim Cowan always sent some of his cattle, and a man with them. The boys with those herds didn't have any picnic or bed of roses. Quite a few of them never got through, for the Comanche and Apache Indians were very bad then. They would attack the herds and scatter them, and maybe kill the cowboys and steal their horses. Bones of these slain cowboys have been found on the trail since.

Jim Cowan and Snowball kept working along and each year got better crops and more cattle. In the spring of 1868, in February, a baby girl arrived at the Cowan home, and they named her Ida May. In January, 1869, a son was born, whom they named Robert Elsworth. That's me, better known as Bud Cowan. I was always called Buddie until I'd whipped a few and made them call me Bud. Then I had a brother born in October, 1871, who was named James P. Cowan.

CHAPTER II: The Trek North

IN 1873 Father himself took a herd to Abilene, with his own men. He got through without any trouble at all. While at Abilene, a young fellow rode in from the North where they had trailed a herd the year before. This herd was owned by Chisolm, driven north by Blocker, and turned loose near Ogallala, Nebraska.

This young fellow's name was Clabe Young, and he and two of his brothers had gone north with Blocker. His brothers stayed, but he came back to Texas from Abilene with Father. He told Father what a wonderful grass country it was up North, so Father made up his mind that he would round up all his cattle and move his family and everything he owned up North. About that time the railroad was building into the West and the problem of getting their beef to market was not so difficult.

Clabe Young went to work for Father. They

rounded up all the cattle and horses they could find, loaded everything they could into the wagons, and started north early in the spring of 1875.

I don't remember much of that trail trip, because I was only six years old, but I think I can give a good description from hearing the men talk about it afterward.

We had quite a bit of trouble with the Indians, and a lot of trouble making dry camps. After leaving Fort Worth we took a northwesterly direction and crossed the Staked Plains to Gainesville. We had a mixed herd—cows, calves, steers, and everything else—so we couldn't crowd them at all. The calves that were born before we started (which were quite a few) got along all right because we were only making about five or six miles a day.

On the Staked Plains we found water; not very much, but enough to water the horses and some of the cattle. We filled our water barrels before we let the stock into the water, and when the horses got through drinking there wasn't very much left. A few minutes after the herd got to

MOTHER AND US KIDS WERE IN THE FIRST WAGON.

the water it was nothing but a mud hole, and many of them didn't get a drink at all.

Our wagons were drawn by oxen. In the first wagon Mother and we three kids rode, with the bedding and the water barrels, one strapped on each side of the wagon. We had our camp outfit in the second wagon, and Snowball and his wife took care of that. The year before, he had gone to Louisiana and got his wife and brought her back to Fort Worth. About that time the stage line from St. Louis to Fort Worth had been established and travel was easy.

Father tried hauling the newborn calves in the last wagon, but by that time they were dropping pretty fast, and there were more calves than we could handle, so what calves were born after our second day on the plains got left with their mothers and we drove on.

The camp where our stock began to suffer from lack of water was called Oasis Springs. It was thirty miles from there to Red River, our next nearest water. Father went on ahead to scout for water and feed, and the herd headed north toward Gainesville, a little trading post.

The first day we went about ten miles with the wagons and made a dry camp. The cattle got there some time in the night, and they were hard to hold. The next day they were hard to drive, and the cow horses were nearly all played out trying to manage them. We had been giving the horses a little water, and what more we could spare went to the oxen. When the oxen got tired and discouraged they would stop and lie down, and we had to give them water to get them up again.

Our water for camp purposes was getting low and we didn't dare get very far ahead of the herd, because the cowboys had to have water, and so would their horses. It was a long siege of suffering for water. I can remember the agony of wanting a drink, and I can remember how Jimmie cried for water and Mother tried to encourage him by showing him that Buddie and Ida didn't cry. It seems to me it was a nightmare that I can never erase from my memory—the bawling of cattle, the groaning of men and horses, and the rattle of the chains in the ox-yoke rings. That is one part of the trip I'll always remember.

The morning of the third day Father told us to head for the river. He told Snowball to unload his wagon when he got there, bring back a barrel of water, and load all the little calves that were sore-footed and take them to the river.

Well, as it happened, Snowball didn't do this, because the herd was not very far behind us and we hadn't gone far when a breeze came up from the northwest and the cattle began to perk up. They moved along at a walk at first, then at a trot, and before very long the whole herd as well as the horses were running.

The oxen had become unmanageable and were running with the other cattle. They were pulling the wagons along with them, and of course couldn't keep up the pace of the loose herd. The oxen got out of control and Mother could see what would happen when they got to the river, so she reached back in the wagon, got the rifle, and when they were a short distance from the river bank she shot the near ox, and he dropped in his tracks. The other ox had to stop then because he couldn't drag both the wagon and the

dead ox. I guess that's all that saved Mother and us kids. The cowboys took down their ropes and lassoed the oxen pulling Snowball and Mammy, and so saved both our wagons and the camp outfit.

Red River was bank full, and our cattle crossed by themselves. They got to milling out in midstream, and one of the boys, named George Kilgore, rode in to break up the mill. His horse either got in the quicksand or just played out. Anyway, he went down and George went with him. He had got his spur caught in the saddle rope some way. Father rode down beyond them, got his rope on George's horse, and pulled him up on the sand until he could get George's body loose and take the saddle off the dead horse.

I can remember Father coming into camp riding behind his saddle, with George's body lying across the saddle in front of him. I can also remember the arrangements for the burying.

The boys dug a grave back among the trees, then they cut poles and brush. They wrapped George in a blanket and put him down on a bunch of leaves and twigs, and then covered him with

some more leaves and twigs and laid poles on top of that. Then Mother prayed and sang. I can remember part of the song she sang:

> We shall part but not forever,
> There will be a glorious dawn,
> We shall meet to part, no, never,
> On the Resurrection morn.

Then they shoveled the dirt on him and Father hewed a slab of wood and put it at George's head when they had finished the grave.

I guess we must have stayed there on Red River a week or so. At any rate, when we left the river camp we had another wagon. The first wagon Father bought was a Hickory—that was the name of the make. The other two were both Mitchell wagons, the old linchpin style, if you know what I mean: the wheels, instead of being kept on the spindles with burrs, were kept on with pins made of iron and put through the spindles on the outside of the wheels. We had one of those old wagons on the ranch in Colorado after I was a man grown, and when my wife and I went back to my old home a few years ago the running gears of one of those old linchpin wagons was still

standing along the fence, with brush and weeds grown over it.

Father fixed a calf wagon while we were camped on Red River, and we had no more trouble with having to leave the young calves. After they were two or three weeks old they would easily travel five or six miles a day. We never really got down to driving them until we would strike stretches where it was a long distance between watering places. Then we had to crowd them to get them through. Otherwise we would just graze them along, and they would go five or six miles easy.

After we left Red River and struck Indian Territory we began to run onto small bands of Indians, mostly Osages. We got along with them pretty well, the only thing they wanted being beef. If the trail drivers refused the Indians beef they made it pretty hard for them in lots of ways, sometimes directing them across country where there was no water or feed. On the other hand, if the Indians did get what they asked for they indicated the best way through and even helped to cross the herds over streams that, except for their

knowledge of the best fords, would have made rough going for the drivers. So Father never hesitated to kill them a beef whenever they asked for it.

Red River was the hardest stream crossing we had. We had to put floats on our wagons to get them over. The cattle, however, swam across themselves. Outside of losing a man and a few head of cattle that were trampled and drowned, we made it over in fine shape.

When we got a little farther north we gradually left the Osages behind, and from there on our Indian troubles started. When we got pretty well up toward the Canadian River we ran into the Chickasaw Nation. That meant we had Chickasaws, Comanches, and Apaches to contend with.

Every one of our men was armed with a saddle Sharp's rifle, and some of the men carried two six-shooters of the Colt .45 single action, Model 1871. Those were the standard in those days and they haven't improved on them a great deal since. Every man had at least one six-shooter.

We ran into a few wandering Cherokees, but

they were all peaceable. We had several brushes with the Comanches and Apaches—I think our herd was scattered three or four times—and each time there was some fighting, and every time there was fighting there were some Indians killed. Clabe Young, who had become Dad's foreman, was shot in the leg, but he never lost a day from it, and we kept crowding the cattle all they would stand until we got out of that troublesome country.

Clabe told Father that as soon as we got out of Indian Territory we would have no more trouble with the Indians, but in that he was mistaken. We were surrounded by Sioux for several days, but they didn't have the nerve to tackle us, or at least they didn't do it. That was after we had gotten into Kansas. I don't know how long we had been holding them off when Jim Bridger came by from Dodge City with a company of soldiers headed for Fort Saunders. He was an old government Indian scout and guide, and a good one, for all he was a white man. I think that was the last Indian trouble we had on our trip north.

By the time we got about halfway through the State of Kansas the summer months were gone and the nights began to get cooler. We were not hauling any calves now, and they were all traveling beside their mothers. We had to shoe some of the cattle. Imagine putting shoes on a wild Texas steer—well, we shod more than one of them. We had to keep our work cattle shod all the way, and when one of our trail cattle would get sore-footed we would stretch it out and shoe it. We had to do it or leave them, and Father wasn't strong on leaving anything if there was any way around it, being Scotch.

When we got up into the northern part of Kansas Father left the herd and rode on into Ogallala to find out about things and make some arrangement for wintering the herd. It was in the latter part of September when we hit the Nebraska line. After Father left we kept on moving along, and when he got back to the herd we were only about twenty-five miles from Ogallala. It turned cold and started to snow, and we were in a snowstorm all the day Father got back; that night we had a regular blizzard.

I have heard Father talk about that night and how those Texas boys suffered in the first snowstorm some of them had ever seen. Father told about waking a boy by the name of Sim Roberts to go on third guard. He said that Roberts threw back his tarpaulin, and when the snow rolled in on him he covered himself up again and told Father that he quit last night and someone else would have to herd in his place.

The next morning Sim threw his bed in the wagon and was going to get right in along with Mother and us, but Father said: "No, you can't put that bed on that wagon, and you can't ride in it yourself. You quit last night, so you will need your bed with you."

"Hell, Jim, you're not going to put me afoot out here in the snow to carry my bed and saddle, are you?"

"No, I'm not going to put you afoot; you're already that way, and it's only about fifteen miles to Ogallala. I guess you can make it in two or three days."

Sim did finally reach Ogallala.

Father had arranged to turn his cattle loose

and line ride them through the winter, so he bought enough hay to feed any that got too poor to rustle. The winter of 1875 and 1876 was very mild and our cattle went into it looking good and most of them rustled all winter without a bite of hay.

I can remember the sod house we lived in that winter. Ida and I had to study and go to our classes every day. My first year in school was started that winter in that sod house. Mother had a regular school and taught several little tots that were living in Ogallala. We all came through the winter in good shape.

The next spring Father rounded up his cattle and horses, and as soon as the snow was gone enough for us to start out we were on our way again.

We left Ogallala about the middle of May and went by way of Cheyenne onto the Laramie Plains, up into North Park and through the park across Rabbit Ear Pass down onto Elk River to Bear River. From Bear River we crossed the plains to White River, and there we settled and made our home.

During this past winter Father had gone down to Greeley, which was only about seventy miles from Ogallala. Mother's father was running a hotel at Greeley, and while staying there Father got acquainted with a man by the name of Meeker, who had been appointed Indian agent for the White River Utes. They named the agency up there Meeker, after this man. He told Father what a wonderful country it was over there, and said that one could cut hay out on the prairie any place, which was a fact. So that was the reason we went over there and settled.

On our way over the plains and mountains we could see antelope every minute of the day. They were not a bit afraid of us and would come up close to look at the wagons, then they would run off a little way and start feeding. We ate antelope and buffalo from the time we left the Indian Territory until we got to Meeker. While we were going through the mountains we killed deer, elk, and mountain sheep. And every time we camped on a mountain stream we would catch a mess of trout.

We camped our wagons about a mile from the

agency, just off the reservation at Meeker. After a while the cattle began trailing in for water, and after they had filled up the boys pushed them back a little way from camp and they began to scatter and feed.

After the cattle began to feed we couldn't see a calf anywhere. They had lain down in the grass, which was so high they were completely hidden. I remember Ida and me getting up on the wagon and looking for them. Then I ran to Father and told him the boys had lost all the little calves. Father and Mother both had a good laugh at us kids being so concerned over the lost calves.

Father looked the ground over where we had stopped and said to Mother, "Mary, this is where we'll build our house, right where the wagons are standing."

Father and the boys started in at once cutting logs for the house and barn. Our home was built just a mile from the agency, at what is known as Milky Ford, on the White River. The city of Meeker, Colorado, is now built all over our old home-site.

CHAPTER III: With the Indians in Pursuit

As I remember those days at Meeker I can think of nothing much except reading, writing, and arithmetic, and playing with the Indian kids. About that time Mother sent back to Greeley and had her folks send her piano up to Laramie, and Father sent a bull team over after it, and then came the grind of learning music.

In 1878 Dolly was born.

I can remember how Ida and I used to herd the milk cows and Mother used to make butter for nearly everyone in Meeker, and how the buck Indians would come over to our place. Mother would cook up a big meal for them.

Mother used to say that she never saw an Indian that wasn't hungry. We kids would be playing around on the floor and all at once the house would seem to get dark. We would look up at the windows and there would be as many

frowzy, black-faced Indians looking in the windows as could crowd up to them.

Father always had two or three young Indians helping him around the ranch and handling the cattle. He would pay them about twenty dollars a month, and they would do as much work on horseback as any of the cowboys would. They took their checks up to the agency to get what they wanted, and whatever the cost of the articles might be made no difference, because the agent never gave them any change. Even the stuff the government furnished for them was cut down so they hardly had enough to eat. The government issued good warm blankets for them, but the agent substituted cheap, shoddy stuff. In fact he treated them as though they were animals and couldn't reason. Consequently they had a bitter feeling for the agent. He was getting rich off them and they were really suffering for the things that the government intended they should have.

I heard Father tell Meeker that he couldn't get away with it for very long because the Indians would eventually get up in arms and all the white folks would suffer, which proved to be the truth.

The young Indians working for Father used to tell him, "Some day Utes go on warpath. White boss in store rob Utes."

Things went along that way for about three years, and then one morning Colorou, the Ute chief, came over to our place and told Mother, "Take papoose, go way long time. Utes go on warpath. Kill all white mans. Four suns." Which meant that in four days they were going on the warpath.

That was in the fall of 1879. Father was not very much afraid they would really do it, but he started out and notified all the families within reach that they had received a warning to get out.

Some of the people went to Laramie or to Fort Steel. Mother loaded us kids in the wagon and started for Rawlins, nine miles from Fort Steel. We stayed in Rawlins and never went to the stockade. Father stayed at Meeker and helped the families that couldn't get away to build a blockhouse.

There was a government scout at Meeker by the name of Bob Rankin. They put him on a horse and started him to Fort Steel for help.

That was a hundred-and-fifty-mile ride, and Bob made it in a day and a night. His horse was killed from under him on the Savory, which is seventy-five miles from Meeker. He got in the brush and willows and got away from the Indians; he walked the balance of the way, seventy-five miles, to Rawlins and telegraphed to Fort Steel for help. The soldiers were on the way to Meeker within twenty minutes after getting the wire.

I can remember meeting the soldiers just before we got to Rawlins. It seems to me that they passed us for at least half a day. They just loped along two abreast, and I can remember how the horses were lathering. There were great strings of mule teams to pull the camp outfits and wagons.

I was ten years old at the time so I still have a vivid recollection of everything that happened on the trip. We picked up a man by the name of Roberts who was riding a worn-out mule. He said he was trying to get to Rawlins, so we took him in.

It seems to me that Mother cried all the time after we got to Rawlins, and even yet every time

I go through Rawlins I can see her crying. Of course I couldn't understand what it was all about at that time, but I do now.

Father returned with the soldiers when they had put the Indians back on the reservation. We stayed in Rawlins the rest of the winter. That is, Mother and we children did. Father went up into North Park, right on the line of Colorado and Wyoming, and built a house and barn on the Platte River. When the snow had gone off he sent for us to come up, and there we lived until I was a man grown.

Our cattle and horses were scattered all over the country. Father took four or five men and made several trips over into the Meeker country, trying to get what he could find of them, but they didn't find many. Still, we had a good bunch of cattle and quite a few horses that the Indians didn't get, so we started in again.

There was one horse in particular that we all missed, Father more than the rest of us. He was a little bay horse with a bald face, and he had a running walk that would keep an ordinary saddle horse in a good trot to keep up with him. Be-

sides being a good road horse, he was the best cow pony that anyone ever owned. He would never take his eye off a cow brute after you once showed it to him, until he had it out of the herd. After starting him to cut one out, all you had to do was give him his head and he would do the rest. When he got real busy then all you had to think about was riding him. I've seen him unload more than one man when he would be cutting out a cow or steer. We called him Rattler, and he was all of that and more.

I had heard Father say more than once that if he ever caught an Indian riding Rattler he would unpack him at once. One day my sister and brother and I were playing out around the barn. We happened to look up toward Pinkhamton and we saw Indians coming down the trail from the direction of the commissary. We always had a pair of field glasses at the barn, so I ran in and got them and took a look at the Indians. I recognized Rattler in the lead, for they were all riding single file.

I dropped the glasses and ran in and told Father that there were Indians coming down the

trail and that the one in front was riding Rattler. Father just reached back, took a 45:70 Winchester from the elkhorn gun rack, and started up the trail. We kids all started to go with him but he sent us back. He wasn't gone very long before we heard a rifle shot. Pretty soon we saw the Indians all running back the way they came, and Father came back riding Rattler.

He went to the tool shed, got a shovel and pick, and mounted Rattler and rode off again. We wanted to go with him, but he drove us back. We knew that he had killed that Indian, but no one ever heard him say so. We often looked for that Indian's grave.

During the winter of 1879 and the spring of 1880 Father went into the cow business with Uncle Barney Hundry. They got quite a few men to work for them, and went over on Big Creek, fifteen miles north of the Park, and took up a lot of natural hay land, called the Big Creek Meadows. I think that fifteen of the men filed homesteads for Father and Hundry. After they had proved up on them Father and Hundry bought these homesteads. Some of the others

filed on some of the meadow land too, which they sold when they had proved up.

Altogether, Father and Hundry owned about four thousand acres on Big Creek, and besides Father had his homestead over in the Park, with desert claims and preëmptions. We used to put up from three to four thousand tons of hay every year on Big Creek and Father would put up from three to four hundred tons over on the Platte. So we had plenty of hay to run all the cattle we wanted to raise.

There were lots of killings by the Indians. Every time the Indians caught a white man out alone that man never came back; maybe his bones would be found some time later. Many disappeared and were never heard of again.

The stockmen could get no help from the government or any protection, unless the Indians broke out on the warpath. After they had killed a number of people, then the government would send soldiers out to put the Indians back on the reservation, with strict orders not to kill any of them.

So the stockmen had to protect themselves.

Whenever they ran onto a small band of Indians off the reservation they opened up on them. Many times it happened that not so many Utes got back to the reservation as came off. Of the old-time cowmen of Colorado, there are not many that can say they never killed an Indian.

The agent's dishonest treatment of the Indians was the cause of their killing so many white people, I'll admit, but the white people that were not to blame for the agent's misdeeds couldn't stand with hands down and see their dear ones murdered wholesale. So I'm not blaming any of the old-timers for what they had to do.

I think it was in 1881, two years after the Meeker Massacre, that a young girl, who was the only living relative of one of the immediate family of Meekers that were murdered in 1879, got away from the Indians and came through North Park carrying a little baby. She had relatives at Greeley, so she went down to them and made her home with them. I used to hear of her in Greeley every once in awhile.

That in itself was enough to make the white people hate the Indians, and not a few of them

paid with blood for that dastardly act. She had just turned fourteen when she became a mother. She carried her baby and got through on foot for more than one hundred miles before she found any white people to give her food and help her along on her trip to Greeley.

I merely mention these things to show why the old-time settlers had no use for the Indians. You will hear lots of people say that the Indians were abused and all that sort of thing, but those people never lived on the edge of an Indian reservation.

Many times when my sister and brother and I had been playing with the Indians we would come home and Mother would stop us outside of the house and make us take off every stitch of clothing we had, and send us to the house. Then she would go to work and boil all of our clothes to get rid of the lice.

We never had any of that kind of trouble after we moved up into North Park, unless we ran onto an old Indian camp and fooled around there awhile. Then we were nearly sure to come home lousy.

CHAPTER IV: A Solo Flight

IN THE fall of 1882 we had just finished the haying at the Big Creek ranch and had started the beef round-up. We started the wagons out from the Big Creek ranch and went west to the Continental Divide.

Our first round-up was on the Savory. From the Savory we made our next camp at the head of Jack Creek, and from there we went down to the Platte River, near Saratoga Hot Springs. From the springs we worked up the south side of the Platte back to Big Creek. By the time we got to Big Creek we had been out about two weeks and had a herd of about eight hundred head ready for shipping, so we figured that by the time we got to Laramie after gathering all the beef en route we would have a pretty good herd.

While we were camped at Big Creek a man by the name of Frank Crout rode in and told us that

the Indians had broken out and were over near Steamboat Springs killing everybody they could find, and everyone from over there was headed for Fort Saunders, going through North Park. Frank arrived in camp about midnight, so we made all preparations to get the herd started at once. Father told Frank Cunningham, our wagon boss, to take six men and get the herd to traveling, and try to get them across the Platte into North Park if possible. The rest of us with the mess wagon and bed wagon and *remuda* would try to get started by daylight and would camp the wagons at our home ranch in the Park.

We had turned our *remuda* loose in the big meadow for the night, so about three o'clock in the morning I went out to round up the horses and bring them into the corral. While I was out there I noticed several fires up in the timber, about six or seven miles from the ranch, so as soon as I got the horses in the corral I went in. Everyone was eating breakfast. I told them that there were a lot of fires up in the timber; Father went out to have a look. He came back and told everyone to get busy and get the wagons loaded and the

teams hitched up and get out of there as soon as God would let them.

Everyone had their horses caught and the teams hooked up and were gone before I caught my horse. I made a throw at a gentle horse and happened to catch a half-broke bronc that was in Frank Cunningham's string.

I looked over toward the hills and I could see a bunch of Indians coming across the meadow about two miles above the ranch. I turned the saddle horses out of the corral and made a run to get on the bronc. I was only thirteen, and though I was a pretty good hand with a horse I wasn't strong enough to hold this colt until I could get onto him. I had already turned the other horses out, and I couldn't manage the colt because he was anxious to get with the other horses; he finally jerked away from me and I was left there, afoot.

The colt caught up with the other horses. Of course the boys noticed my empty saddle, so they started back to find me. The Indians cut them off and they had to make a run to get away, so I

was left there with the Indians coming right along. They split up and some of them took after the boys while a few headed for the house and ranch buildings.

When my horse got away from me I didn't know what to do. I didn't think the Indians had seen me because the corral was kind of behind the barn, and the barn was between me and the Indians. It was about a hundred yards to the willows on the creek bottom, and they were too close for me to get to the creek, so I made a run for the house.

The house had formerly been an old dugout, but when Father and Hundry took up the land they went to work and built a log house right in front, joined to the dugout, which they made into a cellar. A door opened from the middle of the log house into the dugout. The north end of this log structure was used for the bunk house, the middle was the kitchen and dining room, and the south end was used as a kind of living room and private bedroom. This was the part that Mother and the girls always used when they came over

to Big Creek. The house was right in line with the barn and corrals, which were between the house and the upper end of the meadow.

I made a run for the house and went into the dugout, which had formerly been a dirt-roof affair. After the new house was built the snow used to drift on the roof of this dugout until it would get four or five feet deep and threatened to break the roof in, so we had to keep the snow shoveled off in winter. In order to save all this shoveling Father had gone to work and built a board roof right on top of the dirt roof, which gave it more pitch so that the snow wouldn't lie on it. That left an open space of about three feet between the dirt and the board roof.

Right next to the ridge log some of the poles had broken and there was a hole there that I could get into between the board roof and the dirt roof. From there I could see the door of the dugout going into the dining room. I climbed into this hole and had no more than got settled when I heard the Indians going through the house from one room to the other.

As near as I could tell there were about ten

I MADE A THROW AT A GENTLE HORSE AND HAPPENED TO CATCH A HALF-BROKE BRONC THAT WAS IN FRANK CUNNINGHAM'S STRING.

Indians around the house where I was hidden. They would come to the door and look in the dugout, but they never tried to look up into the top where I was. I had used a barrel to climb up and then had pushed the barrel over, and it had rolled close to the door. They would have had to use the barrel to get up and see me anyway, but they didn't.

I don't know how many Indians there were, but when they all came back there must have been between a hundred and fifty and two hundred. I stayed up in the hole all day, and I could hear them talking. Pretty soon some of them went out in the meadow and ran in some cattle. They killed them right out close to the house and then built a fire, and the whole bunch lay around the fire and roasted meat and ate it until they were full. By that time it was along toward evening and I was getting awfully tired of lying up there, but there was no way for me to get out.

I could talk Ute as fast as any Injun and I didn't have a thing to do but lie there and listen to all they said. I heard old Colorou sending some of his braves down to Beaver Creek and

telling them to kill every white man, woman, and child down there. I knew they wouldn't find anyone at the creek, because as soon as Frank Crout had got a fresh horse after telling us about the Indians, he started for Beaver Creek and Saratoga to warn everyone down there.

Right after the party left for Beaver Creek, old Colorou set fire to the house. The wind was pretty strong from the west and it blew the smoke away from the dugout, which was built on the west side of the house.

The fire didn't bother me so very much at first, but when the whole house got to burning it nearly strangled me. I never want to go through anything like that again.

As soon as the log walls began to crumble, the dirt from the roof began to pour down on the fire, and that, I guess, is what saved my dugout. Nearly all the roofs in the country were dirt at that time. The dirt, falling, smothered the fire and kept it from the board roof of the dugout.

After the fire had died down the Indians crawled off in the grass and went to sleep, but they were watching to catch anyone who might

happen to come along there. The wind died down and the smoke at times was more than I could stand, so I only stayed until about midnight, and then made up my mind that I'd just as well be killed and have it over with as to stay there and choke to death. I climbed out of my prison, slipped to the door, and took a look at the Indians. There must have been a dozen lying around sound asleep.

From the door of the dugout I could stoop down, and I had the burnt logs and dirt roof to hide behind, so I slipped out and got into the high grass. I crawled straight north until I was about fifty yards from the house, then I turned east and headed for the creek, which was about a hundred yards beyond.

When I finally reached the creek I found a drop of about four feet down to the water, which at that particular place was over my head. But I slid down into it feet first, looking backward all the time to see if I had been discovered. Evidently they had never thought of anyone being in the old dugout, for I got away all right.

When this water closed over me I felt safer

than I had for nearly twenty-four hours. When I came up I raised my head very carefully and looked at the creek banks on both sides. Then I started to swim quietly down stream. I don't think I even made a riffle in the water.

I was soon out of the deep water, so I just crawled along and made as good time as I could without making any noise. I had gone down the creek in this fashion until I was about half a mile from the house. Then I straightened up and started to wade. I made pretty good time from there until I came to the mouth of Big Creek, which was about six miles away from the dugout.

I had sense enough not to make any tracks out of the water. When I got to the mouth of Big Creek I swam the Platte and then started up the Platte until I came to the mouth of Douglas Creek. From there I followed up Douglas Creek to the top of the Medicine Bow Mountains.

It was just beginning to break day when I crossed the Platte. By the time I got to Douglas Creek and a little way up it, it was dark again. I was lucky enough to kill a grouse with a club, but I couldn't make a fire. I had matches but

they were all wet, and though my clothes were dried out my matches wouldn't burn. So I just cleaned the grouse and ate as much as I could of it raw. Now if you think that's easy, try it sometime. I couldn't eat very much, but it helped me to keep going after I had lain down and had a sleep.

Before daylight I was headed up Douglas Creek again. Along in the evening of that day I found some huckleberry bushes and tried to fill up on berries, but they were very unsatisfying.

When I got nearly up to the summit of the range I found a big patch of thimble berries. I ate berries until I was sick, and tried to eat some more of my grouse, but I couldn't get it down. I went down into a little valley and started to follow the creek along.

I was so tired and hungry I didn't feel as if I could go another foot, so I staggered down to the creek, got a drink of water, and that's the last I can remember of that night. When I woke up the sun was shining in my face and I could

hear a man talking. Someone was carrying me on his back. I said:

"Let loose of me. What in hell do you think you're tryin' to do?"

When he let me down he looked me over and asked, "How come you're up in this country afoot?"

I told him who I was and how I came to be there. I don't know how long I talked to him. I must have gone to sleep again, for the next thing I remember I was in a cabin and he was shaking me and telling me to try to eat something.

I said, "Say, I can do that without half trying." And I sure did justice to several venison steaks and some sourdough biscuits and coffee.

This man's name was Jim Boswell, and he and his partner were doing some mining up there at the head of Rock Creek. They called their workings the old Keystone Mine. The property was afterward bought by a big syndicate and they operated it for years. The old Keystone Mine is a landmark up in that country to this day.

Well, I rested there with Boswell until next morning, when they hitched up a team and hauled

me in to Fort Saunders where Mother and the children were. Everyone from the Park was there, too. Some soldiers had started out hunting me the day before I got there, and Father had gone with some boys to look for me a day before the soldiers started, so I got a horse and started back. I got to the ranch on the Platte and found Father and the soldiers. They had given me up for lost, so when I showed up they were all pretty happy.

The two men who had started out with our horses when we first left to get away from the Indians had tried to escape, but the Indians got one of them, Jack Sparks, and scalped him. The other man, John Price, got away. When Father and the soldiers reached the ranch looking for me they found Sparks' body and buried him. Father was starting back for Mother and the kids at Fort Saunders when I showed up.

Father told Cunningham to go ahead and round up all the beef he could, so we went to work again. We had lost very few of the saddle horses, and no beef cattle. Some of the horses were at Big Creek and some had come home, so

we managed to get the herd up in the neck of the Park nearly to Mountain Home when we met Father with the rest of our family.

We didn't get through shipping that fall until way into November.

CHAPTER V: It Was All a Part of Range Life

THAT winter, in 1883, all of the neighbors got together and built a block house up at Pinkhamton, about three miles from our home ranch. Jimmie and I went up in the timber and cut logs for the block house, as well as dead logs for winter wood.

We camped in a cabin up there, and hauled up hay for the oxen, and brought up what provisions we needed. We used bulls for parking the timber; that is, after cutting it we would drag it out to the side of the road where it was easy to load it on the sled and take it down to where it could be used.

We cut all the logs to build the block house, and about eight loads of dead timber for the winter wood, and then it was our job to get the logs down to the ranch. After we hauled everything down with the bull team Father started us

to sawing up the wood. All Jimmy and I had to do that winter was saw wood, milk cows, attend to the horses, and a few other chores, because Father had taken Mother and the girls to Denver, after we had done our share of building the block house.

Jimmie and I figured out a way to cut our wood which worked even better than we thought it would. We had an old Buck Eye mowing machine that Father had discarded and set over against the back of the barn. We conceived the idea of making a sawmill out of it. We wouldn't have dared even to mention the idea if Father had been home, but we were our own bosses for the time being and we went ahead with our plans.

We pulled the old machine up to the wood pile and dug a hole deep enough in the ground to bury one wheel as far as the pitman wheel, to which the sickle is ordinarily attached. We put an extension on the end of the pitman rod and fastened our big cross-cut saw to it, in place of the sickle which really belonged there, and then we built a housing for the rod. Next we made a

sweep; that is, made a pole and fastened it to the top of the other wheel remaining out of the ground. We put a singletree on the end of this pole and hitched up a little white mule we had. We put a lead bar in front of the mule, and fastened his tie rope to it. This we did in order to keep him from walking off straight. By being tied to the lead bar, he walked around in a circle and pulled the sweep attached to the wheel that turned the pitman rod with the cross-cut saw attached to it. Did it work? I'll say it did!

It took quite a little while to make the mule understand just what we wanted of him, but when he once got the idea he had as much fun out of it as we did. We would saw until noon, then unhitch our mule and feed him grain and hay. Then I would take the saw out and file it while Jimmie fixed dinner. After that we would oil our mowing machine, put the saw back in again, hitch up the mule, and go to work.

Father said when he left for Denver, "You boys have wood enough to keep you busy until I get home."

Well, we fooled him, because we had every

stick cut and split when he came home about Christmas time. He was surprised to find the wood all cut, split, and piled in the woodshed. When he asked us how we did it we kidded him quite a little while, because we had replaced the mowing machine as soon as we had finished with it and covered up all signs as to what we had done. Finally we did tell him.

The boys who were doing the feeding around our ranch laughed at us and said it couldn't be done, but we did it just the same, and after that nearly everyone in our neighborhood did their wood-sawing with an arrangement like the one we had. Inside of three days we had sawed wood that would ordinarily have taken three weeks of hard work.

Mother and the girls stayed in Denver until March and Father sent Jimmie and me to Laramie to meet them when they came home. When we got to Laramie there was a message for us from Mother saying they would start from Denver the next day, so Jimmie and I got on the eastbound train to meet the train from Denver that they would be on, for the trains met at Cheyenne.

We met them all right and started back to Laramie from Cheyenne. Mother and I were riding backward on one seat and Jimmie was sitting facing us in the next seat. A freight train headed for Cheyenne ran right into our train, near Red Butte. They were supposed to side-track for us at Red Butte, but got balled up some way, so on it came and we had a head-on collision.

When it struck us the back of the seat that Jimmie was in turned over and the end of the seat back caught his hand and pinned him down. I had to lift the seat back up before he could get out. When I finally got him clear he had his right hand mashed to a jelly. The doctors had to take his arm off just below the elbow. Mother and the girls were not hurt, though Mother fainted when she saw Jimmie's hand.

Jimmie, with his hand smashed the way it was, showed more presence of mind and more cool nerve, as I remember it, than anyone I ever saw, though he was only twelve years old. He went to the water tank and got a cup of water and brought it to Mother, never thinking of his own hurt.

A special train was sent out from Laramie to

pick up the dead and wounded. Dr. Finfrock took Jim's arm off that night, and next morning I went out to the ranch to get Father. We all stayed in Laramie then until Jimmie was well enough to make the trip out home.

The summer before the people built the block house at Pinkhamton, several families moved into the Park. One neighbor who was south of us, on the Platte, was some distant relative of Barney Hundry's, who was my father's old partner. This man was not a very good neighbor until the cowmen got after him a little.

He came in there with four head of cows and four or five horses, and forthwith his cows began to have too many calves. Nearly all of them would have twins every year, so the cowmen began to watch him and wonder why.

That fall, in 1883, when I was fourteen, Father had a bunch of white-faced calves. He had bought some registered cows and two registered bulls, and we kept the calves in the upper pasture after he had weaned them.

We were going up to the hill pasture to get those calves and brand them, because the eve-

ning before it had started to snow and Father wanted to get the calves down and brand them and put them in the feed lot. When we had rounded up the pasture we found we were short about five head of registered calves. We began to look for tracks going out of the pasture, but we couldn't find any, on account of the snow. We found no sign of mountain lions either, so we began looking over all the range cattle that were not too far from the ranch.

We finally gave up the search for the calves, but one day when I was riding through the pastures coming down the Platte River, I ran into those five calves with about eleven head of other cattle. Among them were six unbranded calves, besides ours. They belonged to our neighbor, and though we had been watching him for some time we had not been able to get anything definite on him.

I thought to myself, "Well, here is where his calves don't increase so fast." I worked them down under the bank of the river, drove them through our river pasture to the hill pasture, and

from there took them clear back into a little park in the timber.

The timber was awfully thick and the windfalls were from six to eight feet deep all around this little park. There was just one opening where I could get the calves in, so I drove them through and then dragged logs across the opening and left them there while I went down to the ranch and got a branding iron.

I put my saddle on Rattler, who was the best rope horse we had, and went back and started to work branding the calves. I not only branded our own calves, but I put the V7 on the other unbranded calves. I don't think I ever worked so hard in my life as I did branding those eleven calves alone.

When I got through I rode back down to the ranch and left the calves in the little park. There was good grass and water in there, so I thought I would leave them until their brands healed.

Father was just getting home from Big Creek when I arrived, so I told him what I had done. It was pretty late then and we didn't have time to go up and look them over that night, so he

said, "You go up there with me to-morrow morning."

I couldn't see where I had done anything that I shouldn't have done. The next morning when we got up to the park Father looked them over and said, "Bud, who helped you brand those calves?"

"Didn't anyone help me, only Rattler."

"Do you realize that you deliberately stole those six extra calves?"

"No, I didn't, Dad. He had ours already stolen and would have had them branded in a day or two, so I took our own calves. And I had to bring his so I could drive the bunch up here."

Well, I was right in a way. Anyone who has handled cattle knows it is a pretty hard job for one man to separate calves that have been running together, and to do it out in the open—it just can't be done. When I started the bunch toward home I had no idea of branding the calves that weren't ours. That idea came to me while I was trying to separate them when I was putting them in our own pasture.

I couldn't take ours without taking his, so I

just took the whole bunch. After I got them up in our hill pasture, then I thought, well, he had tried to steal our thoroughbreds. I'd just pay him back in his own coin.

Father took me into the barn and got a buggy trace that had been broken and laid it onto me pretty hard. The whipping didn't hurt as bad as the talking to he gave me after it was all over.

Father sent me over to this neighbor's to tell him to come to our ranch, and he sent me to get several other neighbors to be there, too. They had a long talk, but of course I was excluded from the conference. I found out what it was all about afterward; the ranchers told the neighbor that they had been watching his cattle and that his cows were having entirely too many calves, and that he would have to be a man among men or they would put him out of business and off the range.

He was a very good neighbor after that. Father vented the calves I had branded that belonged to the neighbor, and put the neighbor's brand on them. It was no trouble to tell the difference in the calves, because ours were all regis-

tered Herefords and his were the commonest of range stock. (Father and Hundry shipped all of their grade bulls and longhorns and went in for white faces.)

In the fore part of the winter, before Jimmie got hurt, some of our saddle horses disappeared out of the hill pasture, so when the snow got pretty deep in the timber and we couldn't find the horses down on the open range, we began to make snowshoe trips back into the timber to see if we could locate them.

It was along about Christmas time when we finally found them. Jimmie and I were tracking a mountain lion. We followed him about five miles straight back through the timber. The snow was four or five feet deep, but it was packed so that it would hold up the lion, and he could travel along pretty well. After we had followed his tracks about four miles we found other lion tracks, and they were all headed for a certain place. We kept going till we ran into a park.

There was something like two hundred acres of clear park there. It was surrounded by windfalls. These horses of ours and twelve head of

elk were snowed in and couldn't get out. The horses were skin poor and so were the elk. The snow was packed solid in the little park, and we could see where the lions had killed several of the elk. There was no grass the animals could get hold of, so they had eaten the tops off the willows along the creek. Willows as large as my finger were chewed off even with the snow.

Jimmie and I didn't get any lion that day, but we made good time getting back to the ranch with news of the lost herd. The snow was about eight inches deep down at the ranch, but after leaving for the place where the horses were, nearly every mile meant another foot of snow.

Father hitched up a team to our sled with a hayrack on it, and put on a good load of hay. Jimmie and I took our skis and tied them to our horses and went ahead of Father. There was a tarpaulin on the load of hay, so when the snow got so deep we couldn't break trail for Father any more with the saddle horses, we took the tarpaulin, spread it out, and piled as much hay on it as we could and then tied it up good and tight. Then we put on our skis and with our

saddle ropes dragged the hay into the park where all the horses and elk were.

While we were gone Father tramped trail afoot. We took several loads of hay back to the starving brutes by means of our tarp. The first day we got the sled within a mile of the stock.

The next morning Jimmie and I went up to where we had left the sled and, after dragging in a couple of tarp loads of hay, we began to tramp trail. We did not try to make one big enough to get the sled over, but were satisfied with a single trail. From the sled to the stock was about a mile, and Jimmie and I tramped it all through before we went home that night.

The next morning the horses and elk were all around the hayrack chewing away, but two of the horses were missing. We went back to the park and found that they had been crowded off the trail and were down in the snow. We tramped the snow all around them and then helped them up on their feet, and they followed us out to the sled.

The horses and elk had packed the snow down pretty well around the sled, so we had no trouble

in turning it around. We started back to the ranch, and the horses and elk followed us right into the corral. We fed the elk all winter with the cattle, and they were even more gentle than some of those cattle.

Before spring the bull elk in the bunch got so mean we could hardly get along with them. They used to fight the cattle and horses, because we couldn't keep them separated, since the elk would jump any fence we had. They all got fat during the winter.

As soon as spring came we turned the cattle out, and the elk went with them. We didn't see any more of them until the next fall when the elk were beginning to pull out of the high mountains for the winter. Then those same elk, along with some more and their calves, came back to the ranch and we had to feed them as we did before. They were fat all winter, and we killed one whenever we needed meat.

It finally got so the elk were such a nuisance we had to invite the different ranchmen around there to come over to our place to get their winter meat. One of our horses had his back broken by

one of the bull elk, and several cows were crippled, and some of them we had to kill to put them out of their misery.

That winter, 1884, the snow got so deep that the mail carrier, who was hired by the people and not by the government, couldn't make his trips with the mail from Pinkhamton to Steamboat Springs in his team and buckboard, and he couldn't use skis, so it was up to someone to get the mail over the Rabbit Ear Range. I told them I thought I could carry it over, so they let me try it. I carried the mail the rest of the winter and until the snow went off.

I used to leave Pinkhamton in the morning about eight o'clock and before three I would get to Steamboat Springs. Though the distance was forty-five miles, on some parts of the trip I could make a mile a minute down the mountain if I wanted to.

On one of my trips coming over I had left Steamboat about eight o'clock and was just over Rabbit Ear Pass when I lost one of my skis. I never saw anything go as fast as that ski did down the mountain. I rode the other one and used

my pole for a brake, and followed the track of my lost ski. I guess it must have gone nearly six miles before it finally hung up in the top of a sagebrush.

From the top of the range there, down the mountain, and for about fifteen or twenty miles farther, I could travel as fast as I wanted to. It used to take me about fifteen minutes to get down to the level.

The spring of 1885 we started out on our spring work again. We were just rounding up all the horses for the work, and riding out every morning from the ranch.

One evening Bill Nye, who afterward became famous as a humorist, stopped at our place on his way to some mining claims over on Independence Mountain. He had three men and a pack outfit with him. Bill Nye and Father were old friends, so every time Bill was in the neighborhood he used to stop with us for a day or two.

Bill was very much interested in the way we handled the horses. What appealed to Bill's sense of humor more than anything else were the boomerangs in the horse herd. A boomerang is

a stallion who is so handicapped that he is ineffective but otherwise attractive, if you get what I mean. With each bunch of mares that we turned out for the winter we always had a boomerang, and we left him with them until time to start breeding in the spring, when an unhandicapped stallion was substituted. When Bill started to pack his mules the morning following after his introduction to this particular type of horse, he immediately named one of his mules Boomerang, since he also was amorous but ineffective. Afterward he named his new newspaper the *Laramie Boomerang;* although I am a subscriber to-day, I haven't found it ineffective yet.

In the early part of August that same year we were in the midst of haying season when Bill Nye came and got us up in the middle of the night to tell us that the Indians were breaking out again. It seems that the Indians had gone to Bill Nye's camp the evening before and told him they would give him three sleeps to get out of the country, continuing to say, in sign language, that if he and his men left everything would be all right, and if not they would lose their scalps.

(Sign language is very plain and simple to anyone who has been around the Indians. The different tribes use it for nearly all their talking, since the talk is mostly grunts and guttural sounds which may mean any one of several different things, according to the subject.)

Bill said to Father, "By God, Jim, they gave me three sleeps to get to hell out of here. Hell! I didn't need any sleeps! I think we were on our way before the Indians got out of camp!"

Father woke up the cowboys and everyone started getting ready to travel. We had killed a beef the evening before, and when Nye and his party discovered the fresh beef hanging out near where they were standing they asked Dad if they could roast some. He told them to hop to it, and pretty soon the cowboys and Bill's miners all started roasting beef over the fire, and before they were through eating nearly all of that beef was gone. On our way out we took along some of it for camping.

We passed Mountain Home, which was twenty-five miles from our ranch, before daylight. When we got down to Beaver Creek we

camped and had breakfast and then pulled out for Fort Saunders and the stockade. The soldiers went out and put the Indians back on their reservation. We stayed in Laramie about two weeks, until the soldiers came back, and then we returned and started to work again.

About that time the cowmen got together and made a resolution that they would not call upon the soldiers for help in Indian troubles any more, but would take matters into their own hands. So they started to play the Indian game the way the Indians played it. Whenever they found Indians off the reserve they took after them and chased them and shot just as long as they could find any Indians to shoot at. So the cowmen came to be feared more than the soldiers.

The Haley outfit, called the Haley Two Bar, was camped over on Bear River one morning. When the men started out on circle they ran onto six Indians off their reserve. The cowboys surrounded the Indians, took their horses away, and started them toward the reservation. There were two or three white men to each Indian, and every step or so the Indians took, the white men would

kick them where they sat down. Old Chief Colorou happened to be one of the Indians.

This went on for ten or twelve miles, the cowboys kicking the Indians every time they would get within reach. Old Colorou was talking to someone after this incident and his talk showed what respect they had for the cowboys and what respect they didn't have for the soldiers. He said, "Soldiers like *yaloti*—kill um wi' club. Cowboy—*malo*—heap kick um Injun." (*Yaloti* is the Indian name for mountain grouse, but we used to call them fool hens. If you knock them off a limb and don't hurt them too badly, they will fly right back on the limb again. They haven't sense enough to be afraid.)

After we had got settled down to work again Father kept me at the ranch all the time, and it was my job to watch for Indians. When the boys had finished the haying they began preparations to start on the fall round-up. Father had promised me that I could take a string of horses out on the beef round-up and I had been thinking of that all summer. After the Indians broke out he thought I had better stay close to home and be

ready to spread the alarm if they showed any more inclination to leave their reservation.

One morning after the boys had all left on the round-up I went out to run the horses in from the pasture. When I got out there I found the fence down and all the horses gone, so I had a job of hunting horses. I had no trouble finding their tracks and I knew pretty well where I would find them.

I went back to the house, fixed me up a lunch, and filled my belt and pockets with cartridges. When we used to turn our saddle and work horses out on the range we would throw them up in the south end of the Park where there was always good feed and water, and I figured that was where I would locate these.

I rode south on the east side of the Park and thought I would catch them in the circle I was making. I went south about twenty miles and then turned west four or five and then started toward home.

Just before I started back I came to a ridge that I wanted to look over. I took the precaution to get off my horse before I got to the top of the

ridge, and crawled up to the top where I could look over without being seen. And it was a good thing I did.

I got up there and took a good look around, and spotted a bunch of five horsebackers coming toward me. They were about a mile away, so I took my field glasses and trained them on the riders, and discovered they were Indians. There was no chance for me to get away without their seeing me, because they were coming straight for me.

They had to cross a little creek before they got to the ridge that I was on; I crawled back to my horse and tightened up the noseband so he wouldn't whinny, then I climbed back upon the ridge and got behind a rock with some brush around it, and there I stayed until they had crossed the creek and started up the hill toward me.

I waited till they got about a hundred yards from me and I saw they weren't going to turn back or miss me, then I pulled loose right at the head of one of them. As soon as my gun cracked

they whirled and made for the creek again. I kept shooting as fast as I could reload. I had an old single-shot Sharp's rifle and it was pretty accurate for about five or six hundred yards, so I kept slinging lead at them until they were at least half a mile away. I could see the dust fly up around them every time I shot.

There were five Indians went into the brush on the creek and four Indians and five horses went out on the other side. They never stopped running as long as I could see them. They were at least five miles from me when they went down the breaks of the Platte River. Then I got on my horse and ran just as fast as they had, only I was headed for home. I had only gone two or three miles when I found the horses, so I took them in with me.

I told Mother what had happened and she began to worry for fear they would break out again. So she sent a man over to our nearest neighbor and advised them all to go to the block-house. Well, all the women and children went up there, and the men got together and made a big

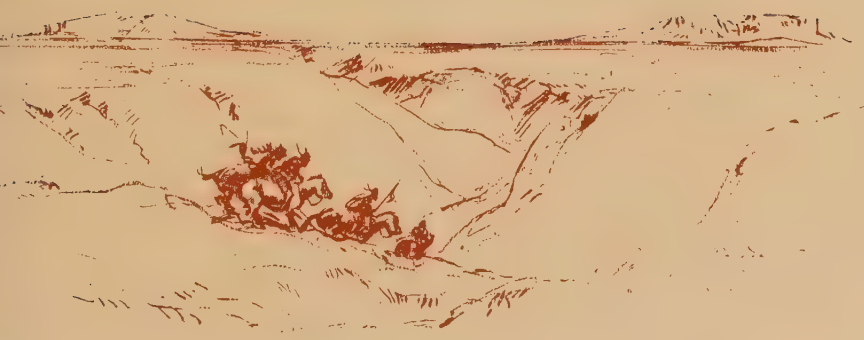
circle of the Park. I went with them and showed where I was lying on the ridge and where the Indians were when I opened up on them.

We went down and followed their tracks through the brush. We didn't find any dead Indian, but we did find blood and plenty of it. We could see where the Indians had been down on the creek afoot, and there were moccasin tracks all around where we found the blood. I must have hurt Mr. Injun pretty badly.

The Bear River boys kept in pretty close touch with us over in the Park. The Indians tried to get up courage to break out, but the cowmen and ranchers kept putting the fear of God in them every time they caught them off the reservation. So that was really the last time they tried to act as if they wanted to break out. The people, however, were not kidding themselves any, because every time there was a rumor of outbreak all the families flocked to the blockhouse.

That fall, when the work was done, we got several together and went up to Battle Lake for some fishing and hunting. Mother and the girls went along and we had a good time. The first day

THE INDIANS WERE STILL RUNNING WHEN THEY REACHED THE BREAK IN THE PLATTE.



in camp I killed an elk. Some of the other boys killed deer, and the girls and Mother fished.

The second day we were up there I had been out all day and was tired when I got to the lake. I could see where Mother and the girls had been fishing, for they left their poles and lines on the bank. I thought I would sit down and rest a while, and while I was resting I would try my luck at fishing. The womenfolk had gone to camp to get supper for the crowd, and I caught some nice trout, so I thought I would amble on home.

I was walking along a game trail toward camp, carrying my fish and gun, when I heard a rustling to one side of the trail. I stopped and looked over in a patch of thimbleberry bushes and could just see the back of some animal. At first I didn't give it a thought, and kept walking along. It was about two hundred yards to camp when I happened to think that there wouldn't be any cattle up in there, because we had to pack in, and range cattle don't get into the big timber if they can help it.

So I whistled and the animal threw up his head. It was a big silvertip bear and he looked as big

as a house. I dropped my string of fish and raised my rifle, then I thought that if I didn't kill him the first shot he would get me before I could get to camp.

I thought I had a bead on him, but I didn't. I couldn't hold the rifle steady enough to hit the side of a barn. I simply had a good dose of buck ague, if you know what that is. I lowered my gun and the bear stood there and looked at me. He didn't seem to be a bit frightened.

I pulled down on him the second time, but just the minute I did I began to shake again, so I lowered my gun and stood there scared to death almost. Finally he says "Wah," and turned away and started off. He didn't travel nearly as fast in the direction he was going as I traveled toward camp!

When I got there I told Father and the rest what I had seen, so they all went back with me and we found his tracks, but it was after sundown and it soon got too dark to trail him. We took his trail the next morning and followed him about ten or twelve miles, but never got in sight of him again. We measured his track and it was

just ten inches long. Father said he must have weighed a thousand pounds.

We stayed up there at Battle Lake about a week and went home with ten pack horses loaded with elk and deer.

CHAPTER VI: Trail Work

AFTER our camping trip at Battle Lake Father decided to go up into Idaho to buy some cattle, and of course nothing would do me but that I should go with him. We had put up about four thousand tons of hay that summer and there was quite a little left over from the year before. The previous winter, 1884-85, was a mild open one and we hadn't had to feed anything much but weanlings and a few poor cows, so we could easily take care of two or three thousand head more than we had. Our calf tally was about fifteen hundred head; so you see we were running something more than five thousand head of cattle.

Father and I left North Park, Colorado, and arrived at Montpelier, Idaho, on the day before Christmas. There was three feet of snow Christmas Eve. We bought quite a number of cattle from the Mormons around Montpelier, George-

town, and Paris. Nearly all the settlements were made up of Mormons, but they were good people to deal with, for their word was as good as their bond. These cattle we bought were to be delivered on May 30, 1886, at Coakville, Wyoming, which is near the Idaho, Wyoming, and Utah lines.

From Montpelier we went over into Utah and bought the remnants of the Rocking Chair cattle. The brand is a reversed h on a curved line. This bunch tallied out 2,000 head and what we had bought in Idaho brought the tally up to 2,300 head all told. All the Idaho cattle were mostly cows, but the Chair cattle were everything. We went back home then and began to get our horses and wagons ready to go up and receive the herd.

Here are some of the brands we used, and some of those we found on the trail cattle we bought. Our cattle brand was V Bar on the left ribs. We also had an earmark. We cropped the right ear and split the left. I have already drawn and explained the Rocking Chair brand. Their earmark was a swallow fork on the left ear. The horizontal bar was our trail brand, back of

the right rump. We used it because it is always noticeable when cattle are moving from you. J Bar was our horse brand, on the left shoulder for geldings and on the left thigh for mares. The Window Sash brand is quite complicated. This brand required panes (?) only in putting it on. In timber and rough country the cattle would have broken the glass out, so they just used the sash. Among these other brands were the Ladder, and the Seven Up, and the J B.

We left Big Creek, Wyoming, on April first, with the mess wagon, bed wagon, and *remuda* of about seventy-five head, on our way to Coakville and our cattle. We killed a beef before we left the ranch, and that was the last beef we got to eat until we got back home in October.

We camped on the head of Jack Creek our first night. This stream empties into the Platte River below Saratoga. The next camp we made was on the Savory, over the range. There we laid over one day and killed an elk and two antelope, which furnished us meat for several days. We followed the Savory to its mouth on Snake River, and went down Snake River to Baggs. From

Baggs we went over the main range at Bridger Pass and from there down onto Red Desert.

The first night over the range we camped at Sulphur Springs, which was a stage station on the stage road from Rawlins to Meeker. It was run by a man named Bonner, who besides running a stage station was also running a big horse ranch. We stayed at Sulphur two days and all the cowpunchers washed their clothes.

Mr. Bonner had just run in a big bunch of mares, and there were more than a hundred colts in the bunch to brand. Afterward the mares were to be turned out with the stud, which had been grained all winter for the spring work. Mr. Bonner prevailed on Father to lay over and let him use one of his best ropers to help brand the colts.

Father agreed and next morning said to Mr. Bonner, "I'll give you the best forefooter I've got in my outfit. What I mean, I'll *give* him to you."

Then he said, "Bud, get over in that corral and see how fast you can put those colts down."

Well, I always had a colt down waiting for the wrastlers. They would put up an awful howl

every once in a while and say, "For Christ's sake *miss* a few, can't you? Give us a chance to get our wind!"

Well, I didn't miss many, and we had the hundred and ten colts branded before noon. Mr. Bonner made me feel pretty good. He said he had never seen anyone do such roping before. He told Father that he was going to hold him to his agreement, and that I was to be his boy from that on. Father just laughed and said he couldn't spare me at that time.

Mr. Bonner tried to pay Father for the help of our men, but he wouldn't hear of it, so Mr. Bonner called me over to the house and said, "Now, kid, I'm not going to try to pay you for what you've done, because that's not range etiquette. But if I feel like making you a little present, that's my business," and he gave me a ten-dollar gold piece. I was sixteen years old and that was the first money I had ever gotten from anyone but my parents.

Our next camp after Sulphur Springs was Muddy Bridge on the Red Desert, next to Barrel Springs. From there we made dry camps two

CATTLE BRANDS

ROCKING CHAIR

V BAR

BAR

J BAR

WINDOW SASH

LADDER

7 UP

JB

HALEY TWO BAR

FIDDLEBACK

COFFIN

SHOE SOLE

V BAR V

POT-HOOK

TWO-POLE PUMPKIN

CURRYCOMB

NECKTIE

FLYING A

BUG WAGON

CROSS L

FRYING PAN

4 T

days and nights to Bitter Creek Springs. We had trouble there.

We had to close-herd the horses and catch them and then lead them a few at a time to water, to keep them from running and getting into the creek, which was rank poison. We had to take them one or two at a time to the spring before we dared turn them loose to feed. Even at that we lost two good horses, one belonging to the pilot, who had turned his horse loose to help pitch camp, and one a work horse. The cook turned his four horses loose, and there wasn't room enough at the spring for more than three. One got to the creek and he was dead in two hours after. The other horse died next day.

We got away from Bitter Creek as soon as we could the next morning and made a day-long drive of fifty miles to Antelope Springs, where we camped for three or four days and rested ourselves and the horses. We just sat around camp and shot antelope when they got too curious and came too close in to camp. We could sit in camp and see thousands of antelope coming down to the creek to drink every day.

From there on to Coakville we had good feed and water, so we saw that we could bring the herd back over our own trail until we got into the desert, and then we would have to scout out another road to get across.

From Antelope Springs we drove to Green River, crossing at Green River City. From there we went up Ham's Fork to Slate Creek, and up Slate Creek over the divide to Coakville. We were just a month going up with the wagons.

When we got to Coakville we all had a pay-day. Father gave me a check for thirty dollars, and that was what all the men were working for at that time. Charlie Robins, the old trail boss who was with us, got sixty-five dollars. Father always left him in charge whenever he had to be absent.

The next day after we arrived we had a very hard job—we had to pull all the shoes off our horses—and then our work was done for nearly a month, except for Bert Brown, the nighthawk, the cook, and myself. I was still the day wrangler. All the work I had to do was bring the horses in every night for the nighthawk to catch his

horse, and he would bring them in in the morning for me to catch mine.

We had a fine time in Coakville, and met some very nice people there who had an organ. It was one of those great tall Cornish organs with a looking glass right up in front of you so you could see yourself playing. They gave us several home dances and one big dance in the town hall.

At the big dance they had a piano. The guests brought their own suppers, and you should have seen the spread our nigger cook put up for us boys. Old Snowball was some cook. We used to have someone from town eating dinner with us every day.

They took up a collection for the music, and I made ten dollars out of that. Mother had made me keep up with my practicing, and I used to play often for dances. I had fifty dollars of my own, more money than I had ever had before. The boys were gambling every day and it wasn't very long before their wages had all changed hands; then they began to borrow from me. When Father got back I didn't have a white quarter, but we

soon had another pay-day and then we all had money.

The cattle from Montpelier came in first and from then on we had day herding, night herding, and the horses to shoe. Then the Chair cattle from Utah came, and we made chutes and trail-branded them all. Just about that time the young calves began to drop. They were pretty well trail broke by the time they were turned over to us.

We had to get another wagon and build a box rack with a door in the back to put the littlest calves in. We would have to haul them for about two weeks, turning them loose with their mothers at night. After they were two weeks old they followed their mothers, and we could make about six miles a day.

Father had been on our back trail, scouting a way to miss the long drive through the desert. He found a way whereby we could cut off about sixty or seventy miles and get across the desert at a narrow strip about twenty-five or thirty miles wide.

We had wonderful luck and easy drives coming down Ham's Fork, and never lost a hoof,

but when we left the fork and headed for the desert our troubles began. We had to make our first water in two drives. The first day the calves got awfully tired and we had to pick up some that we had hauled before but had turned loose to follow their mothers. The hot, dry sand was burning their feet so we had to take them in. We had a dry camp that night. The cattle wanted water and were restless, so they were hard to hold.

After the boys had caught their night horses Bert took the *remuda* on into Slate Creek and held them on water all night. The cattle didn't try to run but walked all night, and our horses were nearly played out when Bert got back. We started to catch fresh horses, and we all began to miss some of our strings, so we counted them. During the night he had lost twenty-five head.

Father immediately took two men from the herd and sent them ahead to hunt for the lost horses. They found them nearly at Green River, but were able to bring them back to the *remuda*. They then changed their horses and went back to the herd. About that time the calf wagon came

in with the rack full of calves; they were unloaded, and the boys went back after some more. They didn't get all of those calves onto the bed ground until ten o'clock that night.

The grass was short on Slate Creek and the cattle were not satisfied, so we had to start them early next morning. When we went to catch our horses we missed some again, and Father had to send out two more men.

It was only about twelve miles to Lumbart's Ferry on Green River, and that's where we were headed. We figured we could make the drive in a day. There wasn't enough water in Slate Creek to satisfy the stock. The cattle had tramped it all up so they couldn't get a drink, and it was Green River or bust.

After everyone had changed horses I took the *remuda* with the wagons and went on in to Green River. I was with the horses at camp; they were on good feed and full of water, and were all right. We expected the herd in about twelve o'clock that night.

The boys with the herd said that they strung out for bed ground and traveled about three miles

as pretty as anything you ever saw. Then they tried to feed, for the grass was getting better, and the calves wanted to go back. Finally the whole herd tried to go back and just milled around and around. Then they began to throw their heads up and snuff toward the river. At first they walked, then they began to trot, and finally they broke into a run, and nothing on earth could hold them.

Most of the herd was in camp or on the river by two o'clock in the afternoon. The old cows filled up with water and started back to look for their calves. We had to unload the bed wagon and the mess wagon and use all three to haul those calves in. We had to make three trips altogether to get them all to the river, and we had to go all the way back to Slate Creek for some of them. As it was, we lost a few head.

After the hard work we all went in and had a good swim. We nearly lost Bert, our nighthawk. He couldn't swim a lick and we had cautioned him to keep in the shallow water, but he was venturesome and got out too far. All the other boys were putting on their clothes, and I was nearly

out of the water when we heard Bert yell. I turned and looked and there he was, going under. I made a dive and tried to get a hold on him, but all I could get was a handful of hair. I held on and started for shore. When we got in to where we could wade Bert grabbed hold of me and just climbed clear up on top of me, getting my head under water.

By that time the boys realized that he wasn't fooling, and they all came bouncing in to help me get him out. They finally got him loose from me, and I was the worst-scratched-up kid you ever saw. I told Bert afterward that I thought the best way to rescue a drowning man would be to wait until you were perfectly sure he was drowned good and plenty and then it would be safe to rescue him.

We had no more trouble about feed and water after we left Green River. We found a good crossing for the cattle and wagons just below the ferry. The deepest place was about midsides, and it was there I learned something about crossing cattle that has helped me all my life.

The morning we crossed the river Father

ordered the herd off the bed ground at 3 A. M., drove them back on our back trail about a mile, and close-herded them all day. He didn't even give them a chance to eat as much as they wanted. In the meantime the boys broke camp and had the bed wagon, mess wagon, and *remuda* bunched at the ford. Then Father sent the calf wagon to the herd, loaded up all the littlest calves and the sore-footed ones, and drove right through the herd with the mothers bawling after their calves. The pointers turned the herd right in behind the mothers, and it was a pretty sight to see that herd strung out for a half a mile.

When the calf wagon reached the river the other wagons took the ford, with the horses following them, then the calf wagon crossed over with the mothers after them, and after them came the rest of the herd. The cattle walked right across, never stopping even to drink, for they drank as they waded. At no place or time in that river were the cattle thicker than ten abreast, so you know there were some cow hands doing some real cow work.

We pulled on about three miles up Big Sandy

Creek where we camped the wagons, and just grazed the cattle into camp. The grass was like hay meadows, so we grazed the cattle up Big Sandy Creek to the old stage road going from Wind River to South Pass. From there we followed the stage road up Pacific Creek to Pacific Springs.

Going up the creek our nighthawk kept losing horses, and nearly every day some of the cowboys had to go horse hunting. Father left us on Pacific Creek and went in to South Pass to take the stage for Rawlins and home.

As we got up Pacific Creek nearer the Continental Divide we began to get thunderstorms and the cattle were hard to hold. Just one day's drive from Pacific Springs we camped at a stage station on the creek half a mile up from the station. We bedded the cattle a fourth of a mile farther up. It sure looked stormy.

Charlie, our boss when Father was away, came to me just before the nighthawk took the horses out, and said to me, "Now Bud, your dad told me if we kept having trouble with our horses for

me to get you to take charge of them. I know damn' well *you* can hold them."

"Well," I said, "go and tell Bert that I'll take them for a while." I knew where there was a small pasture of about forty acres, fenced in for horse pasture. This belonged to the station man, but I figured that I'd put the horses in there if it stormed. So I started catching bell horses and taking their bells off. After buckling the bells on the endgate rod, I caught my night horse and turned the rest out.

When I left camp with the horses it was getting pretty dark and the rain and wind were something fierce, with a clap of thunder now and then, and lightning playing all over the peaks of the mountains. I drove the horses down near the pasture and let them feed along the fence while I went around them and opened the gate.

I had got on my horse and had started the *remuda* along the fence toward the gate when *bang,* the lightning hit the wire on the fence and I was so close it gave both me and my horse a shock. It killed one of the horses, but I didn't find that out until next morning.

The horses started to run, and the only thing I could do was to try to follow them. It was darker than a stack of black cats, and I'd taken the bells off the horses so the stage men wouldn't know they were in the pasture, so I had only the sound of their running to guide me.

It seemed as if they split and I could hear them running in two different directions, so I just kept following the biggest noise I could hear. All at once I pulled my horse to a stop, and I heard a great rumbling and cracking of horns. Then I knew the herd was running.

The rumble of the herd drowned out any sign I had of my horses, so I kept edging in closer until I was able to find out which way the herd was going. I knew they weren't coming toward me because they didn't get any closer.

Just then a big flash of lightning came and I got a glimpse of the herd. I rode in closer and began to sing to them, because I knew I'd lost the horses. I followed along and pretty soon I met up with Pete Brezee. He told me the herd was just running in a circle. There were only four night horses, so all of the night riders were

out around the herd. They had run only about a mile when they had turned and got into a mill; then they ran in the mill for nearly an hour. When I reached them they were just trotting around in a circle.

It was so dark you couldn't see your hand before you, and when you spit you saw a stream of fire. There were little balls of fire on the tips of the horses' ears and on the tips of the cattle's horns.

I kept riding out away from the herd, trying to locate my horses, but I couldn't find a sign of them. There was no use going to get anyone to relieve the first guard because all the horses that had been caught for night guard were doing duty right then and there.

Five of us stood guard all night, and I don't think it ever rained harder than it did then. That night was the longest I had ever known. The boys kept remarking how big the herd had grown, for it took just fifteen minutes to make one round of them. We thought another herd had stampeded some place and had mixed in with ours.

Finally the night began to wear away. About

three-thirty we discovered a light out in the middle of the herd. We thought at first that it was someone smoking on the other side of the herd, but we found out it was a blaze. Pete and I rode in to see what it was, and when we got to it we discovered it was the camp and the wagons. All the horses were either in the corral or standing around the bed wagon. Just about that time old Sam yelled, "Come an' git it befo' I th'o's it out!"

The rain had nearly stopped, though it was still drizzling a little. By daylight it had cleared up. We thought we had all the cattle in Wyoming in our herd until it got light enough so that we could see. Then we found that our camp was right in the middle of the herd, with most of my horses in the corral.

When I counted them I found I was short one horse, so I started out to find him. I went down to the little pasture and thought I would shut the gate which I had left open the night before when I was trying to put the horses in, and there was my missing horse, deader than hell. We looked to see where the lightning had hit

him but we found no marks on him, any more than a little blood running from his nose.

Our next move was to Pacific Springs nearly on top of the divide. The horses never gave us any trouble after we reached the springs. Nothing happened there, any more than that a bunch of buffalo cows, twelve head with their calves, came in to water while we were all sitting around camp. They didn't seem to care anything about us or our camp, but walked right past the herd and the men on herd and never paid any attention to anyone.

CHAPTER VII: The Capture of Big-Nosed George

THE next morning at daylight the cattle were strung out, going over the summit and down to Sweetwater River. We camped at the Sweetwater bridge that night. That is the place where Cattle Kate was hanged.

The boys that weren't on herd that night—Tom Hunter, Tom Albro, Pete Brezee, and Bert Brown—all went into South Pass. I guess they had a good time. Tom Albro never came back alive. He was killed over a poker game, by a man who went by the name of Big-Nosed George, who was afterward hanged to a telegraph pole in Rawlins, Wyoming.

I wasn't there and didn't see the fight, but the boys that saw it told us about it when they got back to camp.

It seems that Tom Albro sat into a poker game with Big-Nosed George, Frank Simms, and a

crooked gambler by the name of Ted Rutledge. They were all drinking more or less, and Albro was a pretty hard poker player, as well as a pretty hard all-round man.

Whenever Rutledge would get the deal Albro would lose the pot. So he got to watching Rutledge, and caught him dealing from the bottom of the deck. He called him down for it, and Rutledge jumped up and called Albro a damned liar and started to pull his gun.

Albro pulled his gun and shot Rutledge right in the mouth. Big-Nosed George was sitting at Albro's right and he pulled his gun and shot Albro back of the right ear. Both were killed instantly.

Tom Hunter, Brezee, and Brown had left their guns in camp. Hunter grabbed the gun that Albro dropped when he was shot and started shooting at Big-Nosed George. He shot his hat off and George got on his horse and pulled out for Wind River. The boys followed him a ways, but couldn't keep track of him in the dark, so they gave it up.

They came back to South Pass, tied Albro on

his horse, and brought him to camp. We buried him next day. His grave is within a stone's throw of the bridge where Cattle Kate was hanged. When we started the herd again I lost my job as nighthawk, and Robins put me on the left point in Albro's place.

Big Nose got away, and afterward killed a man and his wife and raped a little twelve-year-old girl up in Jackson's Hole. They located him and got him cornered. He killed a deputy sheriff and got away. There was a five-thousand-dollar reward out on him, and Bob Rankin, who was a United States marshal, took it as his job to get Big-Nosed George.

He rigged himself out as a hunter and trapper, let his hair and beard grow, and left Rawlins for the Wind River range.

Bob Rankin built himself a nice little cabin 'way up in a little park on the Wind River Mountains, and put out his trap line, knowing that Big-Nosed George's hangout was within five miles of him. He went right ahead trapping after he had taken his horses down out of the mountains and turned them loose, leaving his wagon

and camp equipment in camp. I have only Rankin's description of his movements while in camp, but, knowing him as I did, I know every word he told me was the truth.

During the month of September there was a heavy snow, and the snow stayed. Rankin went to work looking after his traps and was catching a lot of mink, beaver, and martin. I will quote Rankin in his talk with me.

"Well, along about the first of September we got some new snow, so I put on my webs and made my round. Caught a good bunch of mink and martin. After resetting all my traps I went to camp, and after getting supper I skinned and stretched my catch.

"Next morning I started out on my trap line again. I had only gone about a mile when I came onto a web track coming into my line trail. I saw he was following my trail but there was really nothing peculiar about that. I also noticed that he would stop at every trap where I had a catch, but he never molested anything in the traps. That day I got one beaver and quite a number of martin and mink. When I got to my

beaver traps I already had a pretty fair load of mink and martin, so I just skinned the beaver right there, which took about thirty pounds off my pack, and even at that I had as much as I could waddle into camp with.

"When I staggered into camp I had a visitor. He had got there quite awhile ahead of me and had built a fire, chopped wood, and had supper nearly ready. He had found my meat hanging up in a tree just outside the cabin, and we had elk steak, potatoes, sourdough biscuits, gravy, and coffee. I felt rather friendly toward him, even though I had recognized him the minute I clapped eyes on him.

" 'Well, old timer (I know you are from the looks of that supper), are you lost, or just going some place?'

" 'We-ll-l, no. Y'see, I got a trap line over the ridge 'bout fo' miles and yisteday I saw where some deer had come down closta my camp and I started out this mornin' to see if I could cut their trail. I cut your trail back yonder quite a bit and follered it into your camp. I was hungry and I knowed you'd be when you ariv' 'cause I

could see you had a mighty good ketch. That's why I made myse'f t' hum.'

" 'You did perfectly all right and exactly what I would have done under the circumstances. Are you having any luck with your traps?'

" 'Well, I've never brought in a ketch like the one you've jist unloaded. I looked this ground over befo' I laid my line and thought some of campin' over here myse'f, but they was a cabin a'ready built over in that other park, so I strung my line from there. I've got 'bout fifty mo' traps and I had thought I would string them out through that big woods atween your line an' mine, not knowin', acourse, that you was here, but I guess now I'll hafta put 'em some other way.'

" 'No, you won't have to change your intentions at all. You just go ahead and string your traps. Come clear over to my line if you want to. I'll be glad to have you near, because it gets all-fired lonesome here for me.'

" 'Well, I guess the grub pile is ready.'

" 'All right, but wait a minute. You've over-

looked something. Don't you see that bottle up there on the shelf?'

" 'Yes, I saw it when I first come in, but I 'lowed you'd offer it to me if you wanted me to take any. No, I don't never take things that don't belong to me, not even a drink o' whusky, 'less I'm ast. . . . Ah, that thar is mighty good likker, Mr.—er—what is your name?'

" 'John Smith. That's as good as any. Just call me Jack.'

" 'Well, it's none of my business what your name is but I jist didn't know what to call ya.'

" 'Well, just call me Jack. I'm not advertising the fact that I'm here in the Wind River country. I slipped down here from the Gallatin Valley in Montana, and there are certain people up there that would like to know where I am.'

" 'I see. Sumpin' like myself, only I'm not s' fur away from my friends as you are.'

" 'What you mean? You got someone after you, too?'

" 'I'd tell a man I have.'

" 'Well, you've got my sympathy. I got into a little argument up there in Montana and just

naturally had to shoot my way out. I don't know whether I killed anyone or not. I saw two men fall, and I knew that wasn't my home any more. But I sorta wanted to pick my own home, so here I am.'

" 'As soon as I get these dishes cleaned up I'll tell you a story sumpin like yours. I ain't sayin' why I left Texas, but I did. I went by the name of George Lathrop. I worked one season punchin' cows for the Pot Hook outfit down on the Plains.

" 'Well, every time we got into town I spent all my money, so when the wagon was pulled off in the fall I didn't have enough money to feed me more'n a week. But I had a good horse and outfit.

" 'I got up on the middle of that cayuse and high-tailed to Saratoga. That was a right good little town. They have hot springs there and there is a lot of rich waddies hangin' around all the time. Ever' few days they had a big game, but you had to have plenty of money to get into it.

" 'One day I saw a big game start. Everybody that set in bought a hundred dollars' worth of

chips. Well, that didn't last very long, so they didn't buy any more chips, but jist played with cash. Five-hundred-dollar pots was jist as common as a ole shoe.

" 'I watched the game for a while and then I went out and saddled my horse. I tied him in back of the saloon and went in and told the bartender to give me a drink of likker. There was on'y them fo' players and the bartender, besides me, in the house.

" 'I put a dolla' on the bar and said, "Give the fo' gentlemen a drink and take one yours'f." I took my drink and he loaded up the tray with five drinks and took it over to the players. When they all had took their drinks and set their glasses back on the tray I said, "Hands up, gentlemen."

" 'Well, I got twenty-five hundred dollars from the players and three hundred from the bartender. I lined them up with their faces to the wall and took all their money and guns, went out the back do,' mounted my hoss, and headed for Red Desert. I stayed down in them brakes 'most a year, but I tell you I lived mighty good.

" 'I didn't hurt anybody that time, but I got their money. But then every man in that game was able to lose it.

" 'Well, I guess mebby I better amble along to hum. Good-night *hombre*. Come over to my place some evenin'. I've got some right good likker over there.'

" 'That reminds me, you had better take another good drink before you start. Do you think you can find camp?'

" 'Hell, yes! Good moon, and I'll jist lope over there in one hour with these babies.'

" 'I'll be over to see you some evenin' soon. Good-night.'

"Well, I had spent a very pleasant evening with Big-Nosed George, and he came to me in such a way that I regretted the fact that I had to take him. But that was my job.

"I didn't see any more of George for about two weeks. I forgot to mention that we had agreed the night he was at my camp that he was to string his other fifty traps and join my trap line about three miles from my camp. I was to have the

catch on his line for one mile one day, and he was to have the whole line the next day. When it was my day he would always beat me to the junction and would be gone before I got there. He'd leave my catch hanging on a tree.

"Things went along that way for two weeks, and then one morning I got to the junction and George was there waiting for me.

" 'Hello, Jack. I couldn't hang this catch up in a tree and take a chance on it. I don't see why I couldn't of ketched this baby yisteday on my day.'

" 'Why, what you got?'

" 'Silver fox, and God, she's a purty one.'

" 'Damned if you haven't. Well, old man, I'll cut it in two with you. It's worth about five hundred dollars, and you can have half of it.'

" 'Nothin' doin'. It's yors.'

" 'Well, old man, we'll fix it up some way. I'll come over to your camp to-night and sample some of that good whiskey you have.' So we went over our trap lines and that night I went over to see George.

"He had plenty of whiskey, and we both drank

quite a bit. I was careful not to get enough so I wouldn't get everything he said to me, because that was the real reason for my visit.

"We had a real good long talk and he told me the reason he killed that man and his wife. He said that he shot at the man because he refused him feed for his horse and pulled a gun on George and told him to get out or he'd kill him. When George shot, the wife jumped in front of the gun and got the bullet in the neck. His next shot killed the man.

"He also told me about killing the man, deputy sheriff, in Jackson's Hole.

"I stayed all night with him and when I left the next morning he said he would be over in a few days, so I went back to camp and began getting things in shape to move out. Not much preparation; just baled my dry skins, and when I went over my trap line and found anything in the traps I didn't reset them. The third day I figured he would be over in the evening, so I sprung all the traps except the ones near the junction of our lines.

"Sure enough, he came over that evening and

was feeling pretty good, for he had caught a silver fox in his own trap. We had supper, and then we sat and talked until 'way into the night. I got him so drunk he couldn't talk any more, and then I put him to bed.

"He had hardly put his head down until he was snoring and dead to the world. I handcuffed him, put the leg irons on him, and handcuffed him to the bunk which was built into the wall.

"I heard him thrashing around about daylight, so I got up and started breakfast. Pretty soon he sat up in bed and looked first at his hands and then at his feet. He looked at me and said, 'Well, I'll be damned!' I showed him my papers, his warrant, and my marshal badge.

"I said to him, 'George, I came up here to get you. I knew you were here and the orders were dead or alive. I didn't want to kill you, and I won't if I can help it, but you are leaving here this morning with me, either way you want to go.'

" 'All right, Jack. I'll go with you. I knowed I'd have to pay some day, but you shore took me by surprise.'

"I took the leg irons off of him and we put on

our webs. I took my grip and we pulled out for the stage road. We got down there in time to catch the stage going into South Pass. From there we went to Green River and took the train for Cheyenne.

"It would have been a shorter route by about a hundred miles to have gone from South Pass to Rawlins, but I didn't dare chance taking him through Rawlins. As it was, our train was held up at Rawlins, I was overpowered, and George was taken away from me and hanged before my very eyes. Four men with masks on held me. They strung him up to the cross arm of a telegraph pole not more than fifty feet from where I sat in the car. They let him hang thirty minutes, then they let him down and gave him back to me. They must have found out he was on the train, because I had sent a wire to Cheyenne when I reached Green River, saying that I would be on No. 8 and was bringing Big-Nosed George. The agent at Rawlins must have picked up the wire and it spread like wildfire.

"I put his body in the baggage car and covered

it over with a canvas, and delivered it in Cheyenne. Rawlins asked for the body for burial, so it was shipped back to them. They still have his skeleton at Rawlins."

So much for Big-Nosed George.

CHAPTER VIII: Rustling Trouble, a Stampede, and the Trail Ends

WELL, I took quite awhile from my trail herd, but I was compelled to speak of Big-Nosed George. The capture of him was so vivid in my mind I just had to tell about it.

During our stay at South Pass we were frequently warned about the trouble we were very likely to have in going down the Sweetwater. We learned that a gang of rustlers was working up and down the Sweetwater trail. We reported to the stock inspector and he came out and cut our herd before we left Sweetwater Bridge. He told us what the Westlake gang would try to do, as we were all on our guard.

The gang worked this way: They would wait until you got your herd in a good rough country, then they would ride up to the front of the herd and notify the point drivers that they were trail cutters, appointed by the Stock Association, and

that they would have to look through our herd. They would naturally get the drop on any unsuspecting bunch of cowboys, take their guns, and scatter the cattle all over hell and back.

We left South Pass and trailed down Sweetwater for three or four days. We had fine feed and water, and the calves were getting big and strong by this time, so we didn't have so many of them to haul. Sometimes they would get sore-footed and we would have to haul them for a few days, then we could turn them loose and they would travel right along.

We were going down the river and through pretty rough country. When we got down to Moss Agate Hill the canyon widened out into a beautiful valley, with the finest feed you ever saw. We laid over there two days. I gathered about a bushel of moss agates, put them in a gunny sack, and hauled them home.

We found two of our saddle horses that had gotten away from us back on Pacific Creek, though we were still short another horse that got away at the same time. He was my pet cut horse, but I felt sure he would go on to the ranch. We

also found out that the Westlake ranch was about four miles below us in the breaks of the river.

The following morning when we went out to start the cattle off the bed ground, they were r'aring to go. They strung out and our herd was more than a mile long, and we were walking right along. Charlie Robins and I were riding point, with Charlie on the right side and me on the left.

I happened to look ahead and saw six horse-backers coming toward us. I yelled at Charlie; he looked, and told me to get my Winchester out and be ready. He turned and beat it back to the swing drivers and sent one of them back to the flank drivers, and they notified the tail end. Robins came back up in front with me.

The riders started to spread out in front of the cattle to stop them. We both pulled our guns up and motioned them off the road. I could see they all had six-shooters but no rifles. And they could see that we had our rifles trained on them, so they all stopped, except one who seemed to be the leader. He rode up to within fifty yards and Robins stopped him.

"What the hell do you think you're doin'?" Robins remarked.

"We're trail cutters sent out here by the Stock Association. We're goin' to cut your herd."

"Yes? Well, I'm part trail cutter myself. Now you take that bunch of dogs you've got with you and get to hell out of here before we open up on you!"

"Do you know you are defying the law?"

"I know if I am I'm going to kill the law if you don't get out of here. Wait a minute! Just climb down off of that horse." He was riding my little roan horse!

He made a motion as though he was going to get off and pulled his horse, but instead he pulled his gun. But Robins was watching him, and he opened up. I don't know which shot first, but I saw Mr. Man fall off my horse. And I saw that Robins was still shooting.

The other boys were up from the herd by this time, and we all opened up with Winchesters on the other five rustlers. They turned and started to run, and we took after them. We killed three

horses and had three men afoot, besides the fellow Robins had shot.

We rounded them all up and herded them back to where Robins was. None of the men was hurt except the man Robins shot at. Robins' bullet had hit the man (who turned out to be Rat Tail Westlake) on the left jaw and had knocked out some teeth from both the upper and lower jaws, cut clear to the bone, and taken the lower half of his left ear entirely away.

I was trying to help Charlie tie up Rat Tail's jaw so he wouldn't lose it when I noticed blood dripping off Charlie's right hand. I says, "Where's that blood coming from, Charlie?"

"Oh, I guess I got a scratch."

It was just a flesh wound on the inside of his upper arm.

Well, after we had got over our excitement some of us looked after Charlie's arm, while others looked after the herd which had spread out and was feeding well by this time. We stopped the wagons when they drove up heading for the next camp, and turned them down near the river.

We had made only about two miles so far that

day. After cattle have become accustomed to trailing in the fore part of the day and are then turned loose to feed into the bed ground, it is pretty hard to string them out again. So Robins said, "We'll just let them feed this afternoon, while we hang these birds, and then we'll start on in the early morning."

Well, we talked about taking the prisoners in to Signor and turning them over to the officers, but a big holler went up from the cowboys, so we voted to hang them at four o'clock next morning. In that way they wouldn't interfere with the handling of the herd. We put a guard over the captured men and bunched up away from them and talked it over.

Some of the boys really wanted to hang them, but this is what we did. We put a guard over them that night and let them get away. They left without their saddles, and never came back for them. We had gone out and pulled the saddles off of the dead horses, and we took the one that was on my roan horse, so we had four extra saddles in camp. One of them was stolen about a month later from one of the night horses.

Next day we started down the river again and passed by the Westlake ranch, but we never saw any more of the Westlake gang.

It took us a week or ten days to get down to Signor, which is a stage station and a general store on the Sweetwater. When we arrived we were met by the owners of the Goose Egg, Fiddleback, Ogallala, and Pick outfits, with a representative from the Stock Growers' Association. They gave our outfit the glad hand and thanked us for the help we had given them in cleaning up the rustlers in that locality.

Instead of following the stage road from Signor, which is at the mouth of Crooked Creek, we turned our outfit up the creek, on account of the feed. We trailed to the head waters of Crooked Creek and crossed the Ferris Mountains at Whiskey Gap.

Both cattle and horses were putting on flesh. The cattle were so well trail broken that they would string out off the bed ground at the first peep of day, and they would walk like soldiers until about noon; then they would spread out

and feed on into camp. Once in awhile we had to make a dry camp, but not often.

From Whiskey Gap we trailed down Lost Soldier Creek to its mouth on the North Platte River. That night we bedded our cattle about half a mile from camp, up on the side hill. Charlie Robins and I rode out to help bed the cattle, and as we were going back to camp Charlie remarked that it was ideal country for a stampede. That was all he said, but when we got into camp he ordered everyone to catch night horses, and put three men on each guard.

We never knew what started the cattle that night. It seemed that there was a feeling all through the outfit that the cattle were going to run. We had not been molested by anyone, but the country itself suggested that it was a wonderful place to stampede.

When the second guard was called and they were just leaving camp, Tom Hunter yelled, "They're running like hell, boys!" We were all in the saddle in five minutes, and when we got out to the cattle they were sure running. We finally got them into a mill and quieted them down.

After a little bit we had them bedded down again, and we started to count noses. We missed Charlie Robins, so we arranged for one of the boys to go to camp and see if Charlie had gone in. He hadn't gone very far until he met the nighthawk coming, leading Charlie's horse. He said he'd been to camp and Charlie wasn't there. He said he had heard the cattle running and heard us all leaving camp, so he knew we were with them. When Charlie's horse came into the *remuda* he caught him and went into camp, but he found that Charlie wasn't there, so he brought the horse on out.

We left four men with the cattle, and four of us spread out and began to hunt for Charlie. We had agreed on three shots to be fired if he was found. We located him just as day was breaking. I heard him halloo, and I answered. We kept hallooing until I came up to him, then I fired three shots and pretty soon the other three boys came along.

Charlie said he could have walked into camp, but he thought he would stay where he was until daylight so he could find his gun, which he had

lost when his horse fell. When it got light enough we found where his horse had fallen, and we found the gun, too.

Charlie had his left arm broken between the elbow and wrist, two ribs broken, and was otherwise bunged up pretty badly. Still, he said he would have walked into camp if it hadn't been for losing his gun and his wanting to find it. As it was, he fainted three times before we got him into camp.

We unloaded the bed wagon and fixed a soft bed in it for him and took him on twelve miles to the JB ranch where we got a spring wagon and sent him on in to Rawlins. When he left he told me he would write to Dad as soon as he could and would tell him everything was O. K., and that he'd left me in charge of the outfit. We didn't see him again until we got home.

From Lost Soldier we trailed across Ferris Meadows, which is a long, level stretch of about seventy miles of the finest feed and water you ever saw. Our horses and cattle were picking up all the time. We just grazed them across the mea-

dows and crossed Dana Meadows in a two days' drive. The water wasn't so good there.

We had a twelve-mile drive from Dana Meadows to Fort Fred Steel on the North Platte River. Father met us there. He had just finished the last beef shipment and when he got home the letter was there from Charlie, so he started out again. He passed Charlie on the way.

We were camped just across the river and about a fourth of a mile from Fort Steel. We had just bedded the cattle when Father rode into camp. We had killed two antelope back at Dana Meadows and we had a fine supper. Father asked how many beeves we had killed since he left us at Pacific Creek, and was very surprised when I told him we hadn't tasted beef since he left us, which really meant we hadn't had any since we started from home.

We made a long drive the next day from Fort Steel to Pass Creek, as the cattle traveled pretty well. We were four days going from Pass Creek to the mouth of Jack Creek on the North Platte. We camped the wagons just above the old Pick ranch, and held the cattle back about half a mile

from the river, and didn't let them have any water at all that night.

The next morning we had the saddle horses at the river bank ready to swim, and we pointed the cattle right in behind the horses. That was a pretty sight, watching the herd swim. They never hesitated about taking to the water. The river was about a fourth of a mile across at that place, and was swimming depth nearly all the way.

We had to take the wagons up to Saratoga Springs to cross on the bridge. We camped that night about two miles from Saratoga, and all of us went into town to spend what time we could off guard. Bert Brown, the nighthawk, left his horse and slipped into town, too. He brought the horses in on time next morning, but he was riding bareback. The boys kidded him about losing his saddle playing poker, but he swore that he had left his horse tied to the hitch rack with the saddle on, and when he went to get on his horse the saddle was gone. Well, he never got the saddle back, but we had plenty of extra ones, so it didn't much matter.

Father left us again at Saratoga, because he

had to get back to the ranch and finish up the haying. He said that when that was done we would have, all told, about seven thousand tons of hay to go into the winter with. He kept four bronco fighters busy all summer breaking horses to work, and as they worked them putting up hay, all of them were pretty well broken. We had a hundred head of horses that we were shipping back to Illinois that winter.

When we left Saratoga we were only seventy-five miles from home. On our first drive from Saratoga we camped at the Calf Creek crossing. The second day we got to Cow Creek, the third day Grand Encampment, the fourth day Breed Creek, the fifth Indian Creek, the sixth Beaver Creek, the seventh day we got to Collins' Post Office on Little Beaver Creek, and the eighth and last day of the drive put us at Big Creek.

The next day, after we got in with the herd, we all went to work pulling shoes off of our horses and turning them out for the winter. Our horses were in better shape than the horses Father had been using on the beef round-up. After we'd cleaned up our shoe pulling we all went to work

in the hay field. We got home October 15, 1886, and we finished haying on November 1st.

When the haying was done we bunched a hundred head of broken bronks and I went back to Illinois with Father and the horses. I stayed there all that winter, 1886-7. That was the hardest winter ever known in Wyoming and Colorado.

In the beginning I spoke of this as being my first trail work. Well, it was, as far as my doing any of the work was concerned. But in 1875 when we left Texas, down in the Panhandle country, and headed for Colorado and Wyoming, I was along. Our trail wagons were prairie schooners drawn by oxen, but I was only six years old at the time.

That was pretty early to start real cowpunching, so I just overlooked my first trail work, and told about my actual labor—which it most certainly was!

CHAPTER IX: Johnnie Rix, Cowboy. Round-up Technique

I CAME home from Illinois in March, 1887, and arrived just in time to help feed the cattle for about a month. Then gradually the snow wore off and they could feed themselves. That winter was hard, but we finally wore it out.

Then came the job of turning out the cattle. At this time of year we didn't expect to turn the cattle out on green feed, because the new grass had hardly started yet, but we depended on the old grass to keep them up until the new grass started to come. As soon as it began growing the cattle grew weak for a little while. Then we started on what is called the bog ride. Our job was to pull cattle out of bog holes for about a week, until they grew stronger as the grass grew longer, and began to pick up and shed their winter coats.

After the bog ride we went out on the horse

round-up where we gathered our saddle horses for the coming summer's work. When we got the horses all in we cut out the three-year-old geldings unbroken. All of these colts had been halter broke when they were weaned. We put the geldings in the pasture with the saddle and work stuff, branded the colts, turned the studs in with the mares, and turned them out on the range again.

We didn't bother the horses again until weaning time. Then we brought them in, caught every colt, male and female, and tied them up for the winter, or until they were well halter broke and gentle. After that we turned them into the pasture and fed them hay for the balance of the winter.

Up to this time we had only about twenty-five brood mares, some of them pretty good-sized, and their foals by big studs didn't make the best saddle horses, or cow horses. But we did have four running mares, thoroughbreds, and one thoroughbred stud. The foals from these mares were all registered, of course. They made fine cow horses if they were properly trained, although they were a little too delicately limbed to

stand the chousing demanded from a regular cow horse.

May fifteenth was the time set for the starting of our spring round-up. We always sent reps to the different outfits, about ten of them, and we would generally have that many from other wagons. We usually carried from twenty to twenty-five men with our wagon, including the reps. Each rep furnished from eight to ten horses. I mention this fact so you will know that each rep furnished his own horses, or his outfit did.

On this particular spring round-up, as we were shaping up our horses and getting ready to start out, a boy of about nineteen rode up to the corral. He got off his horse, dropped the reins, and climbed up on the corral fence and watched us selecting the bronks we were to take in our string, every man having to take three or four bronks to break on the round-up.

Father gave me first pick of the green horses, because there were some horses that would be all right if they were properly broken, and I always had a way with them, a faculty, as it were, of always getting the best out of them. So be-

tween us I had my string really picked before I went into the corral.

We were getting along pretty well when Tom Hunter got his rope on a mean-looking, white-eyed buckskin by mistake. Everyone had been passing him up, and Tom would have done the same, but he said that after he had got his rope on him he wouldn't show he was the same color as the horse.

Well, the horse came up fighting, and he immediately put everyone in the corral on top of the fence, and even then he wasn't satisfied but tried to get at them. The boy on the fence had up to then been watching the performance and never saying a word.

Now he looked at Father and said, "Mister, if I had a string of horses like that one I'd take the outside circle all summer long and I'd kill every horse in your *remuda* if they followed me."

Tom spoke up, "Say, old hand, if you want this horse you sure can have him as far as I'm concerned, but I got my rope on him by mistake, and the rules of the game say I must ride him."

Father looked the boy over and asked, "Are you looking for work?"

"You bet I am, and I've made a damn' long ride to get up into this country before the spring round-up started."

"Well, you can have that horse in your string if you think you can handle him."

"I'd like to bet I c'n handle him, suh."

"Very well. Get in there and I'll show you which gentle ones to catch. You'll have to have a gentle horse for a night horse, at least. Put your rope on that blaze-faced sorrel; he's a good night horse."

In the meantime, the buckskin was dragging the rope around among the other horses, and whenever some horse would step on it the buckskin would feel the rope tighten and would start after the first man he saw.

"What's your name, stranger?"

"John Rix. I have rode that old pony from Temple, Texas, in twenty-four days, and he's all hoss. He don't look like it now, but come two-three weeks on good feed you'll see a different hoss."

Johnnie didn't try to pick up the rope that was on the buckskin. He just caught his night horse and led him out and then went back with his rope, and when the buckskin ran by him he caught him by the front feet, threw him down, and tied him there. Then he went over the corral and unsaddled his own horse, took the saddle back to the corral, put his hackamore on the buckskin, then a collar on him, and tied up a hind foot. After that he let him get up and saddled him and put a blind on him, rubbed him all over, then let his foot down and led him out in the big corral and tied him up.

When Johnnie came back to the corral Father said to him, "John, how many gentle horses do you want?"

"Well, I oughta have two-three gentle uns to he'p hold herd."

"Well, you just catch any three of those with saddle marks on."

Johnnie went at it, and I want to tell you he was one of the smoothest, prettiest ropers in the corral I had ever seen up to that time.

"Now, John, you can catch three of those shave-tails."

"All right, Mister. They'll all be gentle uns in about two weeks."

Johnnie finished catching his horses and then he asked me to take my horse and lead his buckskin out of the big corral where he would have plenty of room to run; so I did.

Boy, oh, boy! That horse sure dished up a mess for Johnnie. But Johnnie convinced all the boys that he was a real cowhand. That was all the introduction Johnnie needed in that country, and he showed he was worthy of the name cowboy.

When we started loading our beds in the bed wagon Father said, "John! Where's your bed?"

"Right theah on my hoss."

"I don't see anything on your horse but your saddle and slicker."

"Well, I've got a good saddle blanket an' I used it fo' a bed all the way up heah, an' besides, if the weather's nice, that's bed enough, an' if it's stormin' any damn' fool knows he ought to be out with the cattle, an' cou'se he wants his slicker."

"Yes, I know, but there are going to be nights and nights on this spring round-up when we won't have any herd to hold, and some of those nights are going to be all-fired cold."

"All right, then somebody can sleep with me that has a good bed."

So Johnnie and I slept together all that summer. He and I were inseparable.

Inside of a month after we started out Johnnie's horses were all gentle as dogs. He never could trust the buckskin very far, but he was a tough son-of-a-gun. Johnnie had a hard time keeping him from bucking all the time, but he made a good cowhorse and it took a real cowboy to ride him.

Johnnie had left his saddle horse at the ranch. He kept telling me what a good horse he was, and how he was bred. He said he was by a thoroughbred stud from a Spanish mare, and he was an outlaw when he got him. Of course I never took Johnnie seriously because we were always kidding each other. But we all found out that whenever he said he could do anything he could do all of it and more.

I heard Father tell Mother that Johnnie Rix was the best all-round cowboy he had ever hired, and I want to tell you he had hired some mighty good men.

Well, we worried through the round-up and finally got all of the calves branded. Johnnie and I did most of the calf roping. Whenever we had a light day's gather Father would let some of the other boys do the roping, but if we had a big branding Johnnie and I got the roping to do.

It was along toward the end of the spring round-up that Johnnie had an accident which left him a cripple for the rest of his life.

Frank Cunningham and Tom Hunter were roping that day, and Frank dragged up a calf by the neck. He was plenty big, and Johnnie said, "Let me have that one." He grabbed the rope and ran down the rope until he got to the calf's head. Then he reached over the calf's back with his left hand and got hold of its flank. The calf started bucking right toward the horse and of course that gave the rope slack. Johnnie still had hold of it with his right hand. The calf, seeing that he had the slack, ran across the rope, and

whirled around two or three times. When he came to the end of the rope again Johnnie's right thumb had a half hitch around it. The tension on the rope cut his thumb off at the first joint. The rope took his glove and the end of his thumb. Johnnie stood there looking at his thumb with the leaders sticking out of the end of it.

I helped him wrap it up and put on a tourniquet, and we started for Steamboat Springs, twenty miles away, for a doctor. Johnnie didn't lay off a day during the rest of the round-up, but he didn't do any more roping that spring.

On the Fourth of July we all went to a dance at the Point of Rocks in North Park, Colorado. We pulled the wagons in to the home ranch on the sixth. Spring work was ended.

After pulling the shoes off our horses we threw them up in the foothills to run and get fat and be fresh for the fall round-up. Then we all buckled into the haying. Most of the cowhands were given either a wagon, rake, or mowing machine to run.

Johnnie and I were detailed to help the bronco-buster. We were breaking horses to the wagon.

We would drive them two or three times, and then turn them over to the hay men, either to work on hay wagons, mowing machines, or the rakes.

Three or four days' work for a bronk by the side of a gentle horse was the usual routine, then he was put in with another bronk who had also had a few days with a gentle horse. In the course of a week or so the bronks were perfectly well-broke work horses.

As the young horses gradually settled into their jobs we turned the older horses out to get fat and be ready for the next summer's work breaking bronks. We finished the haying job with the young horses, which, by that time, were considered as trustworthy as the old horses and accepted their jobs as a matter of course.

When the first of September came preparations for the beef round-up were in session. We rounded up our saddle horses and shod them for the fall work, and then broke some more green horses for cow work. We never made a practice of shoeing the bronks until they had become foot-sore, because then when the shoes were put on

they immediately knew we were helping them, and they rarely ever refused to be shod the next time they got sore-footed.

When you see that a colt has good cow sense it is always a good plan to put the shoes on the hind feet and leave the front feet bare. Then, when the horse stops suddenly, as a cow horse usually does, he stops on his hind feet and does his dodging on his fore feet. He stops on his hind feet because he has the shoes on there and he knows he can slam them into the ground without hurting himself. He will not stop on his front feet because they are not shod and are tender.

You break a horse to stop by jamming his front feet into the ground and in two or three years your horse will be jammed up in the shoulders and won't be safe to ride because he will stumble continually, and any horse that stumbles will fall some time or other, and any time a horse falls, he and his rider are apt to get either crippled or killed. Break a cow horse to stop on his hind feet and he never gets stove up in the shoulders. I always broke my cow horses to work that way,

cutting cattle. It is easier on both man and horse.

Our starting point for the fall work was below Fort Collins, on the Cache La Poudre River. The wagons split up, all taking different country to work over. The route of each wagon was always determined by the Stock Association at its annual meeting. It was decided that the starting point for the Colorado and Wyoming wagons should be there at Cache La Poudre. The Nebraska and South Dakota wagons started at Sydney Bridge on the North Platte River, and the Montana and North Dakota wagons were given Coutts, on the Canadian line. So you see the whole country got as near a thorough working as possible.

We worked all the country from La Poudre to the head of the Big Laramie River, then we worked Middle Park and all the country over to Roaring Fork, one of the headwaters of the Bear River. We worked North Park up to the head of the Platte, went over to Steamboat Springs and down Bear River to Craig and Haden. By that time we had a pretty fair-sized beef herd.

From there we worked all of the country between Bear River and White River. We were holding at that time about three thousand beef. These latter did not all belong to one outfit. Every cowman on the range had cattle in that herd. Our last gather, close to Milky Ford on the White River, showed us more than fifteen thousand cattle in the round-up, not counting our beef, which we always kept separate from the round-up.

I will try to explain how a round-up of that size is handled.

It would take two or three days to cut the beef out of a herd of that size, so this is the way they do it. They hold the round-up until all the cows have found their calves and are settled down, which takes generally a few minutes. Then about ten men start through the center of the cattle, keeping perhaps fifty feet apart until the head man is through the herd. In this way the herd is divided quietly. They just keep moving one half the herd away, leaving the balance lying quietly, until there is about half a mile between

them. Then the cattle are circled until they're quiet.

The performance is repeated until the second half of the herd is split in two, then the fourth of the whole is taken away about a quarter or a half a mile and they start to cut beef. When this fourth of the herd is finished two good men are put with the cut, which is the beef, and are sent to the beef herd. A man or two take these stock cattle and drive them a mile or so away and turn them loose to go back on the range. The second fourth is treated likewise. The remaining half goes through the same process. It takes about six hours to get the beef in the herd and the stock cattle turned loose.

CHAPTER X: Wyoming Loses an Outlaw. A Southern Shopping Trip. Horse Talk

THIS was the last round-up for the first beef shipment, so Father left us boys to hold the beef herd until he went into Rifle and ordered cars for their transportation.

We worked the cattle to within a day's drive from Rifle and settled down to day herding and night herding. We had four thousand beef and were held there about ten days, waiting for the two hundred cars we needed. In the meantime, Frank Cunningham was in charge of the herd, and we all had to take our turn at both day and night herding.

We had a young fellow by the name of Tom Barrett with us, repping for the Haley Two Bar. Tom was a good kid, and always ready to go whenever he was called. Our beef herd handled like clockwork and everything would have

gone off smoothly, except for a rep from the Fiddleback outfit.

The forenoon shift on day herd of this day was Tommy Hunter and Tommy Barrett. They were to hold the herd until the afternoon shift came out to relieve them, after they had finished dinner.

This Fiddleback rep's name was Sam McCleed, who went by the name of Black Sam. He also had the name of being a killer. He used to run over anybody who would stand for it, and of course there are a few men who would rather take a ragging than to start a row.

The two Tommies were holding the herd about a half mile from camp, and Black Sam and Chalk Benbow were to relieve them when the time came. We had all eaten our dinner and were sitting around camp, talking of one thing and another, and finally Frank Cunningham spoke up.

"Boys, don't you think those boys out on herd would like to eat some dinner?"

"Well, I guess they'll wait till they're relieved," said Black Sam. Just at that time we

looked up and saw Tommy Barrett coming in from the herd.

Tommy said to Sam, "You and Chalk had better get out to that herd and relieve us. You've been layin' in camp after dinner, leavin' Tom and me to do half of your shift, long enough."

"You get back there to the herd where you belong and stay there until you're relieved," said Black Sam, and as he talked he walked up toward the wagon tongue of the mess wagon. "Get out of camp before I brain you!" He picked up the neck yoke from the end of the tongue and threw it, striking Tommy in the right side and nearly knocking him off his horse.

Tommy didn't have a gun on him, so he rode back to the herd. He rode up to Tom Hunter, reached over and took Tom's gun from the scabbard, and started back to camp. When he arrived he was crying like a kid.

"Now, you bad coyote, get your gun out and get to shootin', because I'm goin' to kill you!"

Sam was sitting in the shade of the wagon with his back against the hind wheel when Tom rode up. When Tom said what he did Sam jumped up

and pulled his gun, and as he ran around through the corral he fired at the kid, tearing the leather off his saddle horn. Tommy emptied his six-shooter and Sam emptied his, all but one chamber.

Every shot of Tommy's was fired through the side board of the bed wagon, except one, at about twelve feet. Four of these shots would have killed Sam. Sam had one shell in his gun when he fell.

Tom got off his horse, grabbed a .44 Winchester leaning against the front wheel of the wagon, and ran around and shot the whole top of Sam's head off.

Then he took the cook's shovel and went over behind a bunch of willows and dug a grave. The grave finished, he went to his bed and got a good government blanket, wrapped the body up in it, and dragged it over to the grave. At this point Frank Cunningham interfered.

He went up to Tom and said, "Tom, you know you can't do that. There will have to be a coroner's inquest held over that body before it's buried."

Tom left the body lying there and walked over to the mess wagon. After that he washed his hands and started eating his dinner as though nothing had happened out of the ordinary. After he had finished his dinner he walked up to Frank.

"Frank, I had to do it."

"I know you did, Tom. If it hadn't been you it would probably have been me, but you needn't worry over the outcome. However, I think if I were you I'd ride into Rifle and notify the coroner and give myself up."

"That's exactly what I intended to do. You know, Frank, how he's been ridin' me continually ever since he came to the wagon. I just couldn't stand it any longer."

Tommy's horse had a bullet wound on his hip, and Tommy had a flesh wound on his side, three holes through his clothes, and one bullet imbedded in the cantle of his saddle. He wanted to borrow a saddle to ride in to Rifle, but Frank wouldn't stand for that.

"You just ride that saddle as it looks right now."

"Well, I'll pry that bullet out of the cantle."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. You just set on that bullet all the way into Rifle and back here. If you want to take it out after the coroner's inquest, fine and dandy. But don't you dare remove that bullet until everything is settled."

Tommy met Father as he was going into town, and Father turned around and went back with him. They brought the coroner and the sheriff out with them. Tommy gave himself up to the sheriff and Father stood good for Tommy's appearance, so when they got to camp they held the inquest right beside the grave Tommy had dug. The coroner's jury turned Tommy loose.

It was proved that he shot in self-defense. That ended the career of one of Wyoming's hardest outlaws. Tommy changed from a carefree kid to a middle-aged man, it seemed to us. He was never the same after that.

The morning after we buried Black Sam we all pulled out for Rifle. We held the herd and the feed was awfully good. We loaded out two train loads that night, and the next day we loaded cattle all day. We were cutting down the size of the herd, but we were loading cattle for a full

week before we had them all in the cars. This wound up our first shipment.

We started out to make our second beef gather. From Rifle we worked over onto the Red Desert, and after we hit the desert we began holding cows and calves with the beef. We didn't dare leave any calves on the desert through the winter on account of the wolves. We worked the Red Desert country and got to Rawlins for the next shipment. We had only about a thousand head of beef when we got into Rawlins. We shipped from there and still held our cows and calves.

We started work as soon as we left Rawlins and worked all the country from Rawlins to the Snowy Range. We gathered a lot of beef on the Savory, and from there over to Jack Creek. So on through Spring Creek, Calf Creek, Cow Creek, Brush Creek, Indian Creek, Breed Creek, Beaver Creek, Little Beaver, Bear Creek, Big Creek, Douglas Creek, and finally the home ranch. There we cut the cows and calves and left them and went on with the beef.

For our first day's work we rounded up in Fox Park, which is right in the neck of North

Park. We held just the beef out of this first round-up, and after that we began holding cows and calves again. After we got down on the Plains we started cutting the cows and calves, and rented pasture for them until we could get rid of our beef.

Our last beef shipment was from Laramie, and after we had loaded them out we started on our calf and cow gather. At the Douglas Willin ranch on the Little Laramie River all our reps cut their strings and went home. And from there on we picked up our cows and calves and gathered until we got on our home range.

When we got into North Park we began to pick up the reps Father had sent to the other outfits. After we had gathered all the cows and calves in the Park we split our forces again, part of them driving the horses in for weaning, and the wagons staying with the cattle. The boys had most of the horses rounded up by the time we got in with the cows and calves.

Our job then was to wean the colts and tie them up, and then wean the calves. We had plenty of music for about two weeks. As the cows grad-

ually got weaned away from their calves, we turned them out on the range and left everything open so they could come back to the corral whenever they wanted to and then go back on the range again. By handling them that way the cows were never very far from the ranch in the winter time, so that if any of them got poor there was always someone looking after them.

After the calves were all weaned we took them out of the corral and put them down in the big meadow to feed. We fed them over a distance of about two or three miles, changing the feed ground every day. In doing that we never had any trouble with black-leg. If you feed a bunch of calves continually in the same place, or for two or three weeks on the same ground, you can expect black-leg.

When we got home and started to shape up the cattle for winter Johnnie Rix caught his private horse, Piebald, who had been running all through the spring and summer and was fat and pretty. Nothing would satisfy Johnnie but that Father should ride Piebald in cutting cattle. Father rode him one day, and after that he claimed him and

tried to buy him from Johnnie, but Johnnie wouldn't sell.

One evening we were all gathered in the bunk house when Father came in, sat down, and began dickering with Johnnie for his horse.

"Johnnie, how much money will you take for Baldy?"

"Well, Jim, I ain't never thought none of sellin' him, an' besides, they ain't no chanct to git another hoss what's got the breedin' of that pony; an' another thing, t'ain't every hoss that's got cow sense like he has."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Johnnie. I'll give you a hundred and fifty dollars for your horse, and I'll let you pick any of the young horses we've broken this summer for your own private horse."

"No, but I'll tell you what *I'll* do. I'll tell you where you can go an' buy the kind of mares that this colt is from, for from five to ten dollars a head, an' you already got a runnin' hoss to breed 'em to, an' then you'll raise the best cow hosses ever made. You kin always head a cow on 'em."

"Your theory's all right, Johnnie, but when

it comes to making cow horses out of hot-blooded stuff it's a mighty hard thing to do."

"Thar's where you are mistaken, Jim. A runnin' hoss has jist naturally got mo' sense than any othah hoss livin', an' I kin make cow hosses out of nine of ev'y ten of 'em. Leave the breakin' of them hosses to Bud. He's the best all-round cow-hand you've got on your spread. I've worked with him all summer, an' I know a cowboy when I see him work."

"Yes. Bud's a pretty good hand for a kid, but that's not what I came out here to talk about. I want that pony of yours, and I want him bad enough to give you the kind of a trade I offered you."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Jim. If you'll let me check on you fo' not mo'n two thousand dollars, I'll take Bud with me an' we'll go down to Sonora on the Mexican border, and I'll buy three hundred o' them Spanish mares, none of 'em to be mo'n four years old, an' bring 'em back here.

"I'll be back with them mares befo' the first of April. We kin go down on the train to Mexico and git a coupla broke ponies th'owed

in so's we kin start back with them, an' we kin break them as we come along. We'll have ten or twelve broke ponies when we git back here with 'em. What say?

"Meanwhile, you kin use Piebald for yo'r own hoss, while I'm gone, an' f'r that mattah as long as I'm with you or workin' foh you."

"Well, Johnnie, I'll think that thing over, and I might take you up on the proposition."

It was finally arranged that Johnnie and I were to go down to Mexico and bring back those Spanish mares.

We settled down to our routine of winter work of feeding. Some of the boys were given the calves to feed, and others the poor cows. Johnnie and I were given the stallions to feed and care for, as well as riding for the poor cows.

I used to spend most of my evenings in the bunk house with the boys, usually playing my guitar and singing for them. Sometimes Father would come out with his bagpipes and we would have music and dancing. Dad was always a kid among us boys, and got just as big a kick out of our fun as we did.

One evening in the early part of December Father came out one night, and we got to talking about ropes and roping, and the kind of ropes preferable, etc. Father said, "John, how long would it take for you to make me a rope as good as the one you've got?"

"I tell you, Jim, I kin make ten ropes nearly as quick as I kin make one, an' I'll tell you why. It takes just about as long to get one rope ready to braid as it does to get ten ready. It's only the braidin' that takes time, after the rawhide's ready.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Jim. You've got lots of good prime hides hangin' on the fences round heah, an' them hides ain't wuth a damn nohow. Eff'n you-all furnish the hides, me'n Bud'll make you-all a rope 'n' some hackimo's. We kin do it of evenin's, an' not waste no time neither. Besides, me 'n' Bud'll need some extra ropes an' hackimo's when we go after them broom-tails."

"You've manufactured yourself and Bud a job for the balance of the winter, so just fly at it. You can have all the hides you need for the work."

JIMMIE AND I KNEW WE WERE LOST.

Johnnie and I went to work. It took some little time for me to get onto the braiding and do it well, but by the first of February every cowboy in the V7 outfit had a rawhide rope and hackamore. We also made a few quirts and some hair McCartys and pack ropes.

Along in the winter Father sent me over to the Park to get Jimmie, who was staying there with Mother and the girls, because he wanted Jimmie and me to go up into Big Creek Park and drive out some cattle there that would get snowed in if they weren't looked after.

I went to the Park and got Jimmie. When we started out it looked as if we were in for a good storm, so we both took heavy coats and mittens and headed for Big Creek.

It was fifteen miles from our home ranch to Big Creek and we had covered about six or seven miles when the storm broke. It came from the west, and we were facing it. The storm got so bad we couldn't look into it at all, and finally the horses refused to face it any longer, so we turned off the trail and headed for Rock Springs,

which was a dandy spring coming out of the solid rock.

The rock itself was a high bank, probably twelve feet. We got under this bank. Of course we were out of the wind, but the snow kept drifting in on us, so I said to Jimmie, "Let's turn our horses loose. They'll go to the ranch and in the morning the boys will be out looking for us, and we can keep warm in behind this bank."

I tied my reins to the saddle horn and turned my horse loose, but Jimmie took his saddle and bridle off and turned his horse loose naked. I told him his horse would freeze, because he was wet with sweat when he unsaddled him.

After we turned the horses loose we crawled into a little pocket against the rock. It wasn't half an hour until we were completely covered. We kept moving around though, after the snow had covered us up. We both slept most of the night and didn't suffer from the cold at all.

Next morning we crawled out of our nest feeling pretty good. Of course our clothes were damp and disagreeable. And we could never have faced the storm any farther than we did.

My saddle horse was standing at the barn door when the boys at the ranch got up the next morning, so they started to search for us. They couldn't tell which way we were from the ranch, but they knew I had gone after Jimmie, so they started out on the road to North Park. They spread out clear across the valley.

Jimmie and I had found his horse, frozen to death after he had gone about half a mile. We were standing looking at the horse when I happened to glance up and saw two horsebackers coming toward us.

They signaled the other boys and pretty soon we were surrounded by the whole bunch. Father was with them, and told us that as soon as he had seen that the reins were tied up he knew we were somewhere out near Rock Springs. He said he had been afraid that we would try to make it through the storm on foot. Well, it just couldn't have been done. Anyone who has ever been out in one of those Wyoming blizzards can understand just what we were up against.

After the storm Father sent four of us over to get the cattle out of Big Creek Park, and it was

lucky that he did. When we found them they were snowed in, all right. We tramped trail for three days before we could get them out. We had to send one of the boys back to the ranch to get enough grub for us to live on until we had finished our job.

When we got back to the ranch Johnnie and I started getting ready for our trip south.

Johnnie and I took the stage from Pinkhamton, at North Park, on the fifteenth of February, headed for the state of Sonora, Mexico. We arrived about the twenty-seventh and got in touch immediately with a Mexican who owned about three thousand horses. It took us only two or three days to make a deal with him, and we were ready to head the horses north by the tenth of March.

Everything we bought was coming three- and four-year-olds. We had to catch every one of them and mouth them before we branded them, and believe me it was some job.

We paid four dollars per head for three hundred head, and old Garcia threw in four good saddle horses, and gave us two men to help us

out as far as Trinchera, New Mexico. From there on Johnnie and I made it alone.

Coming through New Mexico we tried to make some ranch every night, when we could, but there were times when we had to hold the herd, so we took turns about night herding them. We went from thirty to forty miles a day, and by the time we got to Trinidad, Colorado, the horses were all fairly well trail broke.

Nearly all of our mares were bred to a thoroughbred horse, and were nearly all in foal. Even so, they would take a jog trot and travel for six or seven hours without offering to stop, but we never drove them to their limit at any time, until after we left Denver. We began crowding them a little from there on because we struck snow and we had to get them home before their foaling time.

Mr. Garcia had told us they would start foaling about the middle of April. After we hit the snow we couldn't make more than twenty-five miles a day, but it was harder on the horses than our former average of thirty-five miles, which we had made to Denver.

From Denver our next drive was on to Brighton, and we had to buy hay for the horses. We bought three tons and scattered it for them, but they didn't clean it all up, so we allowed them two tons every night after that. From Brighton we drove to Greeley, and could have gone farther, because the snow wasn't so bad and the trail had been used. Still, it was pretty bad traveling.

We could have saved ourselves a hundred and fifty miles of travel by going through the mountains, but the snow was so deep we didn't dare risk it.

The next night we drove on to Fort Collins, on the Cache La Poudre River, and laid over there one day, giving our horses a good rest and two nights' feed. When we left Fort Collins we had to make a pretty long, hard drive to get hay the next night. We went to the Boswell ranch, on the head of the Big Laramie River.

When we left Roswell, New Mexico, we had seven hundred dollars left of the two thousand dollars we had started out with to buy the horses. We had our camp outfit and bed, so we stopped

and ate and slept whenever we got ready. Also, we had broken about fifteen head of those mares we thought weren't in foal, and we had a good bunch of saddle horses and pack animals.

We had to buy hay every night after we left Denver, so we cut into our expense supply pretty heavily after we hit the snow. The snow was going off gradually, but we were climbing the mountains and it was getting deeper.

We went from the Boswell ranch to Mountain Home the next drive. We bought hay at Mountain Home, but there was no pasture we could put the horses in, so we had to night herd them. In the morning we drove to our home ranch, where we held the horses for about two days. Then we made the final drive to Big Creek. That was our hay ranch and the headquarters for the cowboys.

We turned all the horses loose in the big meadow and fed them hay with the calves until green grass started. Then we turned them out on the range, and soon after that the mares began to foal.

I said we put those Texas mares out on the range. Well, we did, but we had to keep a herder

with them to keep them from starting south again. We put them under fence every night, but several times little bunches got away and invariably we had to go to the Laramie River before we could overtake them.

After they had quit foaling there were some of the mares without colts, and they were the ones that gave us the trouble. After a mare has had a colt on any range she will never leave that range, unless driven off. Therefore it is necessary to hold them by force on a strange range until after they have foaled there. A gelding will go back to the range where he was born, if turned loose. A mare is more easily located than a gelding, because you only have to watch her until she has foaled, and then if you get her away you have to drive her.

I will try to explain the homing instinct of a horse in a little incident that comes to my mind. In the fall of 1884 we owned a horse we called Louis. He was a big, fine work horse and as gentle as a kitten. We always used him to help break the colts. He was a great pet, and we all loved him, but he had a mean trait that we couldn't

break him of. He never would offer to kick a man on foot. One could crawl between his legs and lie down under him and he wouldn't even step on him, but if one got on a horse and tried to drive him in a bunch of horses he would kick you off your horse, if he could.

He had kicked me off more than once. And once he kicked at a boy we had working for us, and broke his leg. If old Louis was in the pasture when I went out to run the horses in I'd get my coat pockets full of rocks. By throwing rocks at him I could keep him scared away from the tail end of the bunch. He had to be watched all the time that way.

Well, that fall, after he had broken the boy's leg, Father declared he'd never break any more bones for him, so he shipped Louis in with a carload of horses and sold him to a man at Buffalo, Illinois. We never thought any more about old Louis.

I think it was three years after we had shipped old Louis back East that I went out into the pasture one morning before it was good daylight

to run the horses in. We were working in the hay field at that time.

I had just got the horses rounded up and started for the corral with them when I noticed a horse back up and put his head down ready to kick. I recognized old Louis's trick and stopped my horse just in time to miss his heels. It wasn't quite light enough for me to be sure, but you can bet I watched him closely until I got him in the corral, and then I caught him, and sure enough it was old Louis. I turned him loose and went on into the house where Father and the boys were eating breakfast.

"Father, old Louis is out in the corral."

"What's the matter? Have we got another one of those blamed kickers?"

"No, Father, it's the same one."

"Huh! Old Louis will never break any more legs on this ranch. I sold him the other side of the Mississippi."

"I don't care if you sold him the other side of the Atlantic—he's out there in the corral and he blamed near got me this morning."

Well, nothing more was said until breakfast

was over and the boys and Father went out to catch their horses. Father walked into the corral and spotted old Louis first thing.

"Well, by Jolly! What do you think of that?"

Old Louis was never allowed to run in the pasture or loose on the range after that. Mother took him in charge and fed him biscuits, pie, and cake. She used him for her buggy horse to ride back and forth from the home ranch to Big Creek.

Father wrote to the man who had bought old Louis and told him he had come home. The man wrote that he had traded Louis to another man by the name of John L. Douglas, who lived in Alton, Illinois. Father wrote to John Douglas and asked him what he should do about the horse. After about six months Father got a letter from Douglas telling him to send $100 and keep the horse. Father sent him a check and old Louis stayed with us until he died; he was struck by lightning five or six years later.

Even with all our close watching some of the dry mares of the Spanish bunch got away, and naturally some of the mares that hadn't foaled

yet went with them. We hunted for them on our back trail, but couldn't find any sign of them, so we figured finally that they had gotten clear away.

About six years after that an old prospector came to the ranch to hunt for us during haying time. We always hired a man to kill antelope, elk, and deer for the hay hands. We never learned this man's name, but he called himself Antelope Jack.

He told us he had been camping over on the Platte at the mouth of Douglas Creek all of the winter before, and he had noticed about seventy-five or a hundred head of horses running in there.

Douglas Creek came into the Platte from the east, and Big Creek flowed in from the west, so we had to cross the Platte to get over there, and it was impossible to cross at all times of year, the exceptions being in the fall at low water, or in the winter on the ice. Douglas Creek at the mouth was open country, but stock couldn't get in there on account of the heavy timber and windfalls from the east side. The creek heads up into Medicine Bow Mountains. On the Big Creek side the banks of the river are from fifty to three

hundred feet high, and there is only an occasional place where one can get a horse down to the river bank. At such places it is utterly impossible to cross except at low water. But as I said before, there is about ten miles of open country up Douglas Creek.

Father sent me there to look the horses over, and I found more than a hundred head. The old mares were some that Johnnie Rix and I had brought from Mexico. The balance were all unbranded, some of them three-year-olds, and there was one pinto stud from a pinto mare in the bunch. This stud was three years old, but you could see he was by a running horse. Nearly all the colts were pintos.

We had to wait until the winter of that year when the river was frozen over good and solid before we could get the strays across. We went down to the river with grained horses and made a good trail across the ice, and then we started walking the horses. We had our beds and a regular pack outfit, so we pitched camp up Douglas Creek.

We formed relays to walk the horses. We kept

them walking and didn't give them time to eat, day or night. After three days of that they got so gentle we could walk among them afoot. Then we drove them down to the river and had no trouble at all getting them across.

They were wilder than buck elk when we first struck them. We drove them to the Big Creek ranch and branded all those unbranded and castrated the studs. We held all the horses in the pasture and fed them until the mares had foaled in the spring, then we gave the mares a new stud and broke all the young horses.

We originally were short about twenty-five mares, but as it turned out we didn't lose a head of our old bunch, and none of them ever went back to Douglas Creek.

We kept our stallions in the barn during the winter and fed them hay and grain. We exercised them in different ways. The thoroughbred studs we rode about twice a week, and we used the big studs to haul hay from the stacks to the barn. So that way they were always fat and feeling good in the spring.

About the fifteenth of May nearly all the

mares on the range will have foaled. Then we round them up and brand the colts, castrate the yearling studs, cut out the three-year-old geldings for breaking, and turn the mares down into the big pasture after everything is taken care of. We take the old studs that had a band of mares the year before and turn them loose in the pasture all together. You would naturally think the studs would fight, but they don't.

Each of these studs knows his own mares, and will cut them out as carefully as a man could do it. They round up the main bunch of mares and each stud goes among them and cuts out his mares, one at a time. When he stops working and drives his band off to one side it means he has them all. Each stud is given forty or fifty mares, that being about all a horse can handle on the range.

As the studs get their bunches together we turn them out on the range, and they are not bothered again until weaning time. Every horse has his own location on the range, and you always know within a few miles of where to look for each horse band.

When we get two-year-old mares we take them out of the band where they have always run and put young studs with them. These young studs and mares we keep in separate pastures. We let the studs run with the young mares for two or three months and then turn two of the young bands together in one big pasture. If the studs herd their mares in separate bunches they are ready to turn out on the range. They will locate themselves in a few days and there is where you will find them thereafter.

You need never fear that any of the mares will get away from their stud, because he watches them like a hawk. The only way for them to get away is to die, or have some rustler corral them and trim the herd.

In the fall the horses are all driven in and the studs taken away from the mares, and the colts are all caught and tied up for weaning. Both mares and horse colts are tied up so that when the colts are weaned they are all halter broke.

Raising horses is one of the most interesting industries there is. I have always been a great lover of horses and have raised them all my life.

When I think of what the horse has done for man I wonder how any human can advocate the killing off of the wild range horses. I think that any men who can get up and say that we should go out and kill the wild range horses because they eat government grass have less sense than the horses they want to kill.

CHAPTER XI: Polly Learns a Lot and the Hole-in-the-Wall Is Cleaned Out

DURING the winter of 1887 and 1888 Father sent me over to a line camp on Snake River. There was a fellow by the name of Jack Card with me in the camp. He was working for an outfit called the Two Bar (two bars burned across the back of the hind legs pretty high up. We called it by another name which I guess I'd better not use here.)

Our work was to keep the cattle from drifting over into the breaks and on the Red Desert. We had our camp on what was then known as the Hay Meadows on Bear River. Now it is all taken up and the town of Hayden has sprung up right about where our old line camp used to be.

We had a good cabin with one room which was the kitchen, dining room, and bedroom combined. There was a barn where we could stable six head of horses. We had our hay corral

joining the barn, and the hay had been stacked up in the corral right against the barn. The corral was built of logs and was originally meant to be an additional room to the barn. Holes had been left open from the corral to the manger, so at first we didn't have much to do with the feeding, except the grain. The horses reached through and ate the hay as long as they could reach it, but after a few days we had to make some hay hooks.

We hunted a good, solid willow about an inch through at the big end, and cut it off about three or four inches below the first big branch. Then we cut off the smaller branch about three inches from the main stem, making a kind of hook of the short branch, and the main branch we left about three feet long for a handle.

After that we sharpened the end where the hook was and charred it with fire to make it good and hard. Then we could ram it into the haystack as far as possible and pull out a big bunch of hay every time. It didn't take long to get enough hay to feed the horses, since it was all wild hay and very short and pulled easily.

The outside of our hay corral was built just like the barn and put together at the corners like a log house. It was twenty feet wide and as long as the barn, and was built up about eight feet. The hay itself was stacked in the corral against the barn and far above the top of the barn and the corral. Now that you have the description of our barn, I will try to give you the description of our cabin.

Our cabin was sixteen by twenty feet. The long way was north and south. The cabin was located about fifty yards west of the barn, with its east door facing that way. There was another door on the south end which we seldom used. I merely mention these facts to show you that the door opening on the east was the door we used most of the time, and it was the door facing the barn and the corral.

Well, along about the last of November Mrs. Strawbridge, who was the wife of one of the owners of the Two Bar outfit (as I will call it here) decided to go back to New York for the winter. This lady had a young parrot, and she came to us and asked if we would keep it in

camp and take care of it for her until she came back in the spring. Of course we were glad to have the bird with us to relieve our loneliness, and we told her we would. She brought it down and we fixed a place for it right by the east door.

It was one of the quickest birds to learn I ever saw. Mrs. Strawbridge was a strict church member and she had taught the parrot lots of nice things to say, and it would even try to sing "Nearer My God to Thee," and a lot of such stuff.

One thing the parrot had learned well was to say "Scratch your head, Polly," and then it would hold its head down for anyone to scratch it. Jack and I taught the bird to say a lot of things that Mrs. Strawbridge would not have approved of.

One day an old cowpuncher by the name of Wils Rankin came along, and he got the greatest kick out of that parrot that you ever saw. He took to it and the parrot to him immediately, so after the bird had gone over its vocabulary pretty well he decided to educate it a little better. It wasn't very long before the bird could use all of the cuss words in the alphabet and use them to

perfection. So we turned that church-member bird from a Christian to a black sinner.

I always woke up along about seven o'clock in the morning, and it was Jack's job to get breakfast, so I would call, "Wake up, Jack, seven o'clock!" and immediately the parrot would call him. It finally got so that the bird would call him just at seven if I didn't happen to wake up in time.

Along in the latter part of December the snow got pretty deep. It drifted so deep the range cattle would get up on the snowbanks around the corral and eat the hay from over the fence. We had to dig trenches around the corral to keep the cattle from eating up our hay. We had only about ten tons to start in the winter, and that was for our horses. We also had a thousand pounds of grain for our horses, and we had three of them apiece, so you see we had plenty of hay and grain, if we didn't let the range stock get at it.

There was one old long-horned steer in particular who gave us a lot of trouble. He used to stand up on his hind legs and eat hay over the top of the corral. When the snow began to drift

around the corral he would get up on the drifts and eat, so we had to keep after him all the time. We made a trench about four feet wide right next to the fence, but that blamed steer got on his hind feet and spanned the trench and rested his front feet up on the corral and got to the hay anyway. About every day we drove him six or seven miles from camp and left him at night, and before morning he was back there at the haystack again.

We finally roped him and tied a five-gallon coal-oil can to his tail with baling wire and kept him running for nearly ten miles, and thought sure that would cure him, but the snow drifted that night even with the top of the stack, and next morning when Jack got up to get breakfast, there he was again.

Jack opened the door and looked out, and then he turned around and said to me, "Bud, look at that long-horned — — — —!" Well, of course I got out of bed in a hurry, and the bird noticed that there was something unusual going on, and I noticed that he was trying to say what Jack had said to me. I didn't pay much attention to the

bird at the time; it was the steer that was bothering me. There he was, right on top of the haystack with the five-gallon can still tied to his tail.

Well, we got him off and made our trench wider and shoveled the snow out clear to the ground, and still that steer would stand flat-footed on his hind legs and eat hay off the top of the corral fence.

The parrot got so he would say "— — — —" every time we opened that door in the morning. So Jack, every time he got up to start breakfast, opened the door, turned to me, and said, "Well, look at that long-horned — — — —!" and the parrot would say it right after him. Finally every time the door was opened the parrot would say it without prompting.

Things went along like that until it finally came time for Mrs. Strawbridge to return from New York. The day after she got back she came out to our camp after her Polly. She came over in a buckboard with her husband. When she arrived she jumped out and came bolting into the house where Jack and I were getting supper, and

as soon as the door flew open Polly said, "Well, look at that long-horned — — — —!" and then he proceeded to give her all the fancy cuss-words he had in his vocabulary, and I want to tell you he had plenty! She threw a blanket over him and took him home.

Next day Mr. Strawbridge came over to camp and told us we had ruined the parrot. His wife had ordered him taken to the barn, and wouldn't let him stay within hearing of the house. Mr. Strawbridge wanted to keep the bird because he was so near human, but she wouldn't have anything to do with it, so Jack Card finally fell heir to him, and Mrs. Strawbridge never would speak to Jack or me after that.

In the spring of 1888 Johnnie Rix and I were sent out repping. We were to work with the eastern Wyoming and western Nebraska round-up. I was to work with the C Y outfit, and Johnnie was put with the Ogallala wagon. The round-up started from the Sidney Bridge.

Johnnie and I left the home ranch about the twentieth of April in order to get to the meeting place at the Sidney Bridge by the first of May.

We took ten gentle horses each, and five shavetails apiece.

On our first day out we made Saratoga Springs, the second day Fort Steel, third day Queilly ranch in Bates' Hole, fourth day Fort Fetterman, fifth day Harrisburg, Nebraska, and sixth day Ogallala. We got into Sidney Bridge the night of the twenty-ninth.

The night of the thirtieth they gave a big dance at the schoolhouse, and Johnnie and I took it in. We went there and stood around for a while, and thought that someone would surely make us acquainted with some of the girls, but they didn't. So Johnnie and I fixed things so that we got to dance after a while.

The way we started, Johnnie, who had more gall than I, found out the name of one of the girls, and took me over and gave me an introduction to her. He leads me up to her and says, "Miss Bailey, I want to make you acquainted with Mr. Cowan."

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr. Cowan."

So I had the first dance that night for me, but poor Johnnie didn't get a partner for himself.

I explained to Miss Bailey that we were strangers from Wyoming, so she introduced me to several girls, and I went after Johnnie to make him acquainted with some of them.

There was one real pretty little girl that Johnnie wanted to dance with, but I had not met her, so Johnnie says, "Watch me," and walks up to her.

"May I please have this dance with you?"

"Why, I haven't had an introduction to you. I don't really know you."

"Well, you-all haven't got the best of me any. I don't know you either, so I'm takin' just as big a chance as you are."

She got up and danced with him then, and he explained to her that we were strangers. The girls got together and they certainly showed us a grand time; after that we never missed a dance until broad daylight. One of the girls had ridden horseback fifty miles to the dance. The boys that had brought the girls to the dance wouldn't introduce anyone to them; that's why we had to manage for ourselves.

On the spring round-up there really isn't a

great deal of night herding to do. In fact there isn't any, unless someone has bought a bunch of cattle from someone else on the same range and they are range branding. Or, if the outfit has had a heavy gather of calves, they put two men to day herding and make another round-up after dinner; then they night herd the two drives and brand them all out the next day, and don't move camp until the following morning.

The spring round-up is pretty much of a humdrum proposition, one day after another. By the time we were on the spring work a month, my bronks were all gentle and some of them were showing good cow sense. One in particular was very good, so I gave him all the chance I could to make a good cow horse out of him and before the spring work was finished he had shown that he could do everything but talk, so naturally I made a pet out of him. I will tell farther along how he saved my life the coming winter.

We were working along the Nebraska, South Dakota, and Wyoming lines near the Bellefourche River when old Bob Devine came out to the outfit. He was the general manager of the

C Y outfit that I was repping with. His son, Lee Devine, was running the wagon.

Bob came to me, called me off to one side, and we sat down on the grass.

"Bud, I'll tell you what's on my mind, and I'm going to give all the reps the same chance that I'm giving you."

"Well, Bob, let's have it." I was expecting him to tell me that we reps hadn't been hitting the ball to suit him.

"Well, it's like this. It's been three years since a wagon has dared to work the Hole-in-the-Wall country, and I've been to every wagon on this spring round-up to ask for coöperation in going in there and working. I have the promises of the Fiddleback, Goose Egg, Beer Mug, J B, 101, Ogallala, Swan Two Bar, Haley Two Bar, and the T7. Your dad's wagon is working south and west, but he says to put all of his reps who are working in this part of the country on the drive in there, but not to do this against their will, however. He also said to keep you out of the fight, if there was one."

"Well, Bob, I don't see that I'm any better

than any of the other boys, and if they're going in I'm going with them. I may not find any of our cattle in there, and then again, I may. Besides, I don't see why I should be held back any more than the others. As I see it, it's a duty we owe the cow country to go in there and clean it up once and for all."

"Those are my sentiments exactly, Bud. But your daddy expressed a wish that you should be kept out of the fight if there was one."

"Well, Bob, you're boss of these wagons while they're on your range, and whatever you say goes with me. But I feel that if there's going to be a fight I'm no better than the rest of the boys."

"The wagons will all pull in to the C Y ranch and we'll all shuck down to fighting weight."

So that's what we did, twenty wagons all told.

We caught five of the best gentle horses we had in our strings and four work horses for each wagon. There were four mess wagons and four bed wagons, and about a hundred and ten men. We had between five and six hundred horses.

The Hole-in-the-Wall is just a freak piece of country in the Bad Lands between the Belle-

fourche and the Platte rivers. There are, or were, only three ways of getting in and out. There is a pass going in from the Platte side, where you can go with a wagon. That's the one we went on. The road goes up Blue Grouse to Blue Grouse Springs, and just above the springs about a mile is the Narrows. The pass through is probably one hundred and fifty feet wide, with great high walls of rock on either side. These walls are probably from two to three hundred feet high for at least a quarter of a mile on each side of the road. Up in these rocks is where the rustlers always kept their guards, and you can bet anyone who went in there, day or night, was challenged.

We pulled into Blue Grouse Springs and camped all of our wagons as quietly as we could, for we arrived at two o'clock in the morning. After everyone had eaten a quick breakfast and all the horses were caught Bob gathered the men around him and started giving them orders.

First he detailed four men with the horse herd. Then he picked two more men to take charge of ten men each. One of these crews was to circle the pass to the right and the other to the left,

going on foot, and each taking different directions and going half a mile or so from the road. They were to scale the rocks, get up on top, and work their way back to the pass. Each man had orders not to shoot unless someone opened fire on them.

The opening of fire was the signal for the remaining men, with Bob as their captain, to break through the pass, and everybody to head for Buffalo Hump, which was a round hill just through the pass. Buffalo Creek headed at the foot of this mountain. I was detailed to stay with the horses and we were given orders to follow the wagons with the horse herd.

It seems that the boys had gotten into their positions about when the Hole-in-the-Wall group was changing guard. It was just good daylight when the first guns began to crack. Every one of our men was armed with a rifle and six-shooter. As soon as the firing started old Bob hollered, "Don't stop to shoot until you get to Buffalo Hump!" and broke out with the bunch behind him.

We went down through the pass like bats out

of hell. The wagons went down the hill with the horses in a dead run, and we boys came after the wagons with our herd. The boys on top killed two of the rustlers, and wounded two. And we caught five that same day.

Lee Devine was shot in the arm from ambush, but they caught the fellow that shot him. Bob had the rustlers all tied hand and foot and emptied a bed wagon and loaded them in and sent them on to Fort Fetterman. They say they didn't fare so well at the fort, because it was only the year before that the Hole-in-the-Wall crowd had nearly wiped out a company of soldiers. In the first load that went to the fort were seven rustlers.

We were in there ten days, and we made a good clean gather of the country and took out every hoof of range stuff. I want to tell you there were plenty of burned brands.

There were some men in there with their families. If those men weren't among those who were shooting at us we turned them loose and gave them thirty days to dispose of their holdings and get out of Wyoming.

Nearly every day we had a brush with some of the rustlers, but we rounded them all up, and every day we had a wagon on the road to the fort with prisoners. These fellows were all taken finally to Cheyenne and given trial. Some of them went over the road and others were turned loose, with strict orders not to be seen in Wyoming after twenty-four hours.

Butch Cassidy and the Curry boys were driven out of there at that time. Pike Landusky was another. He got out with his family and moved to Montana, settled up in the Little Rockies, just above the Bad Lands. There is a little town up there called Landusky, after old Pike.

This fight took place in the summer of 1888, I think it was, and was the last of the Hole-in-the-Wall trouble. I haven't told all that happened in the mix-up, but I'm giving dates and names so that all I have written here can be looked into.

You would be surprised at the number of sympathizers these Hole-in-the-Wall people had there in Wyoming. We drove out about twelve thousand head of cattle to be inspected and turned over to their rightful owners. Nearly all the old

stuff we brought out were burned brands, and there were so many three-year-olds and under, that had only the owner's brand on that it was a problem to know what to do.

Finally they cut out all the young stuff that hadn't been rebranded, and drove them back into the Hole-in-the-Wall, and every year after that the round-up would work in there and brand the increase as the mothers were branded. The Hole is settled up now with a good substantial people, and a stray cow with a calf is just as safe in there as they would be on any part of the Wyoming range.

When we got back to the CY ranch we all cut our horses and headed for home, thus finishing the spring round-up.

Johnnie, Frank, and I finally settled down to our bronk breaking between round-ups, and the beef round-up was practically a repetition of the one of the year before.

CHAPTER XII: Near Trouble

AFTER the beef and horses were shipped that fall Jimmie and I went to Laramie and started in at the state university. Mother had taught us boys regular school work, so we stepped from her teaching directly into the classroom.

The first thing I did after enrolling was to enter the band. I had taken music at home, so the band work was easy for me. I first took up solo alto, and then jumped to the cornet. That was the year the cadet band was organized. The name of our band instructor was William Baker.

Outside of the hazing we got when we first started, we pulled through our first winter in school in pretty good shape.

We had a vacation through the holidays so Jimmie and I went home to spend the week in North Park with Mother and Father. When we got home, however, Father was over at Big Creek looking after the feeding. I had written

to Father to keep Darky up and feed him hay in the barn so I would have a horse to ride when I got home. Darky is the colt that I spoke of farther back and promised to tell about later.

Father had kept him up for the girls and Mother to ride, and when he was home he used him all the time, so of course he had him sharp-shod and fat. Darky was coal black with a star on his forehead, and showed more intelligence than any horse I have ever seen.

I had visited at home a couple of days, hoping that Dad would come over, because I wanted to see him before I went back to the university. Finally I told Mother I thought I would ride over to Big Creek and stay over night, coming back the next night.

When I went out to saddle up I could see that a storm was brewing, so I put on my heavy overshoes and big fur coat and went fully prepared for the worst. I had just reached the old Platte ranch when the storm broke, and it was some storm!

I crossed Three Mile Creek and pointed my horse, as I thought, toward Big Creek. When I

came up out of Three Mile the wind was striking me on the left cheek, just a trifle to the left of straight in the face. The snow was flying so thick I couldn't see the road any longer, but I never thought of getting lost on that road, I knew it so well.

I tried to hold the wind a little to the left, but the horse kept trying to turn that way and I was reining him to the right all the time. Well, we couldn't make much time facing a blizzard like that, and it had been about three o'clock in the afternoon when I had left home. I couldn't see any landmarks to tell me how close I was to the ranch, so I just kept crowding Darky to the right, though he didn't want to go that way. Had he been an old horse I would have given him his head, but knowing that he was only a colt I thought I knew more than he did.

About four o'clock it began to get dark, and by five it was so dark I couldn't see my hand in front of me. I think it must have been somewhere near eight o'clock when I struck some heavy quaking-asp timber. By them I knew I was lost, and I knew I was more than four miles from the

road because there was no timber of any kind within that distance of the Big Creek road.

I thought that with the horse pulling to the left all the time and me trying to keep him to the right we had gotten over in the foothills next to the mountain. I pulled through the patch of timber, still keeping the wind a little to the left of front, until my horse finally stopped.

I tried to urge him on, but he would stick his head down and then back up. Then he would go just that far again and stop. I thought there was something there he didn't want to face, so I'd just get off and see what it was. I climbed off, throwing my hackamore reins over Darky's head, hooked my arm in the reins, and started ahead, leading him. All at once I stepped off into space. I had the hackamore reins hanging sort of in the crook of my elbow when I stepped off, and I naturally went rigid. I suppose the jerk frightened Darky; at any rate he pulled back and hoisted me up on the bank.

Well, it didn't frighten me much because I thought it was just a sort of cut-bank, so I turned around and followed my trail back into the grove

again. Then I hustled around, found plenty of dry dead wood, and built me a fire. Darky and I were protected from the fierce wind, and I kept the fire going all night.

By morning the wind had gone down some, and after it got light enough I began to get glimpses of the contour of the country. I left Darky and waded out to where he had balked. I looked over the bank where I had dropped off, and I don't think there are any words invented that could explain my feelings then. Frank Cunningham and I went over there years afterward, with three hundred feet of rope, and measured the distance I would have fallen if it hadn't been for Darky's level-headedness. It was just two hundred and eighty-five feet straight down. Right to-day I'm scared to death of getting close to the edge of a height. I can't even sit up in the balcony of a theater with any comfort, and I lay it to that cliff I stepped off of.

Then people wonder why a man loves a horse! I've told Darky more than once that he had more sense than I had. I meant it, too.

Well, the holidays were soon over, and we went

back to Laramie and started in school again. That spring, just before Father came in after Jimmie and me, I got into some trouble that might have ended seriously, but fortunately for me it worked out all right.

One day some of us fellows were playing what we called Three-Cornered-Cat. It took nine men and three extra batters, and we used the baseball diamond to play on. When one man was put out he went to the left field, and the left fielder went to right field, right fielder to third base, and so on up the line, so it was just a sort of progression game, and lots of fun to play.

I had just worked up to catcher when a chum of mine reached batter's place. There was a Negro in town who was a pretty bad character and a terrible bully. He was always being arrested for stealing and all kinds of meanness. He used to push the white boys off the sidewalk, and if they objected he proceeded to give them a good thrashing. He had never bothered me, but he had whipped my brother Jimmie and this chum of mine, Lou Bath, so we didn't any of

us feel any too good toward him. He moseyed over to where we were playing.

Well, this nigger walked up to Lou, who was at the bat, and tried to take the bat away from him. That made Lou pretty mad, so he was doing all he could to hang onto the bat. The coon, who was bigger than any of us, was too much for Lou, and he finally swung the bat around so it hit Lou on the head.

Well, I couldn't stand that, so I grabbed another bat with both hands, and brought it down on the coon's head. Mr. Coon went to sleep right then and there, and the boys all told me I had killed him.

We tried to bring him to, but water never fazed him. To all appearances he was dead. The boys told me to get a horse and leave the country. I didn't know what to do, so I left the school grounds and thought at first of stealing a horse and getting out of the country that way, but I didn't.

I did go to the place where some of the boys were boarding, and where Jimmie and I had a room together. I went in the back way and as I

walked toward the back door I happened to see the cellar door. I was pretty badly frightened, and I wanted to hide, so I raised up the cellar door as carefully as I could, slipped in the cellar, got back in the darkest corner, and covered myself up with some gunny sacks and canvas.

I had a few matches in my pocket, so I stayed put until about midnight, then I slipped out and got me a lard bucket full of water and went back into the cellar. I scouted around in there and found some canned tomatoes and some crackers and a ham, so I ate raw ham and tomatoes and crackers and drank water. I stayed in the cellar that night and the next day until just before supper time.

Mrs. Murphy, our landlady, came down in the cellar for something and discovered that someone had been there. She was going on at a terrible rate about "them petty thaves gettin' inte her cellar an' stalin' ever'thin' she had." I came out then.

"Mrs. Murphy, I'm the thief. I came down here to hide. The police are after me for killing Negro Thompson."

"Shore, it'd be a blessin' if ye hada kilt 'im, but ye didn't. He's as well as ye are, right now."

Now if you think that information didn't take a load off my mind you're mistaken. They took Thompson to the hospital and he was out for about two hours, then he came to. Everyone in town said that was the best thing that ever happened to him, because he never went around with a chip on his shoulder any more.

While in school Jimmie and I never did have any money to spend unless Mother would send us some, and it wasn't often she could get any. Father had arranged with a clothing man by the name of Mose Hellman for credit with us boys for what clothes we needed. In fact he generally did all his trading there. Mose was a fine old Jew.

Jimmie and I got all kinds of invitations to parties and dances, but we were always handicapped for money. I was telling Hellman my troubles one day just before a big dance that was coming off.

Hellman said, "Well, Bud, I suppose you and Jim are going to take in the big dance?"

"We can't go because we haven't any money."

"Aw, shucks! I'll let you have the money to go, and I'll just charge it as neckties and suspenders."

Of course we always went to Mose after that and got money from him for anything that came up. He told us he would make it all right with Father, and I guess he did.

When Father came in after us he brought a four-horse team to take back a load of provisions to last the summer. He drove around to our room to pick up our belongings, and I noticed he had an old trunk of Mother's in the wagon.

I said, "Dad, what are you going to do with this old trunk?"

"Well, I got a statement from Hellman and I thought you would need it to put your neckties and suspenders in."

That was all he ever said about the bill at Hellman's but we knew we couldn't kid him, so we never said anything ourselves.

The first of April, Jimmie and I were taken out of school to prepare for our spring work. We had bog riding to do, and the saddle-horse round-up to make, and everything else that goes with the spring work. I was given a string of horses

and sent down on the Laramie Plains to work with the 7L outfit, repping. The 7L was owned by an Englishman named Harris, and Lee van Houghton was the wagon boss. Johnnie Rix cut his string and went to the Block and Dewlap outfit on the Big Laramie River. The Plains wagons all started the spring work at the McGill Bridge, so Johnnie and I left home together and got to see each other quite often during the summer.

They gave a big dance at the McGill ranch just before the round-up started, and Johnnie got acquainted with a girl by the name of King, from up on the Laramie River. Johnnie fell pretty hard, and I guess she did too, because they went together for two or three years after that, then they split up. She was the cause of Johnnie quitting our outfit.

He was with the Block and Dewlap wagon, owned by Balch and Bacon, all that summer, and Mr. Bacon took a great liking to Johnnie because of his efficient range work. He offered him the job of manager of his cow outfit. Well, when Johnnie got off the spring round-up he quit

Father and went down and went to work for Bacon.

It happened that the King ranch was just below Mr. Bacon's ranch. King was a sheepman, with a few head of cattle, but he hated a cowman in any form, and of course cowmen hated him just as much. Johnnie used to go over to the Kings' to see his girl, and King would order him off the ranch.

Things ran along that way for a while and finally Johnnie and the girl got to meeting out on the range some place. That worked out all right for a while until the old man got onto them and watched them and finally took a shot at Johnnie with a shotgun. He peppered him pretty badly around the legs, so Johnnie lay off for a while, until he got the birdshot picked out of him, and then he called for a showdown.

I'll tell you how they finally settled the affair, because I have the story from a cowpuncher by the name of Pete Smart who happened to be in on the finish as a witness.

Johnnie got the old man and the girl together.

"Emma, will you go away with me an' marry

me?" he asked her. "We'll go back to Texas an' get away from all of this."

"Yes, Johnnie, I'll marry you with Dad's consent, but not without it. And I wouldn't leave this country and all my people, anyway. So you can just forget about Texas."

Old Man King took a hand there.

"John," the old man says, "I've warned you time and again to stay away from this ranch and stay away from my girl. And I've made it plenty plain enough. I would much rather see my girl in her grave than to see her married to a — — cowpuncher!"

"Well, Mr. King, seein' that you put it that way, I don't mind tellin' you what I intended to do. I think the world of Emmer an' would do 'most anything for her. But what I meant to do before we ever got married was to take her 'way up there in them mountains where there is lots of good, fresh spring water, get me a good, big tub an' some carbolic acid, an' scrub her until the damn' sheep smell was off, then go an' git married an' leave this damn' sheep country!

"Don't start for your gun, mister, 'cause I taken about all I'm goin' to off'n you!"

King however did start to draw his gun out of the holster, and talked while he did it.

"I've warned you, John, and you had a chance to go off this ranch on your two feet. Now, damn you, they'll carry you off!"

John shot just as King's gun was leaving the scabbard. The bullet hit King in the right shoulder and made a cripple of him for life.

Johnnie went back up to the Bacon ranch and drew his money, saddled Piebald, and that's the last anyone in that country has ever seen of him. I had a letter from him in 1897, when I was working for Bill Cody, and at that time he was in Amarilla, Texas, working for the XIT outfit.

I was sent back to the 7L outfit on the fall work because Father had bought the Coffin brand and cattle, and wanted me to receive them. We picked up quite a number of Coffin cattle on the Plains, and shipped from Green River, Rawlins, Medicine Bow, and Rock Creek.

I had some bad luck when we were shaping the cattle up for our last shipment. I was holding

all my she stuff to shove back over the range into North Park, and was also cutting my beef to ship. The cattle were beginning to get their winter coats, and some of the Coffin cattle were mistaken for Shoe Soles, the brands being very similar and put on the left ribs in about the same place.

I had my beef cut into the beef herd and we were cleaning up the balance of the cattle so I could start mine home as soon as we loaded out the beef. I had nearly finished getting my stuff out when I noticed a two-year-old steer it seemed to me I had cut out before. He was a brindle, so I took him out and went back into the herd. I ran into him again, so I cut him out, then watched him to see if he would come back.

When he got nearly to my cut Lee van Houghton turned him back until he met me, and said,

"Bud, that's a Shoe Sole."

"You're mistaken, Lee. That hair's pretty long, but I got a good look at it and I know it's a Coffin."

Lee was holding the Shoe Soles, which belonged to the Douglas Willin outfit on the Little

Laramie River. Well, I couldn't convince Lee, so I said, "Let's stretch him out and clip him."

Lee agreed, so we started. I was riding a half-broke horse, but I'd roped off him before. I took down my rope and threw a couple of half hitches on the horn and piled the loop on the brindled steer.

In playing out my rope the horse started to buck, and I got the rope half hitched around my right hand. The steer jerked me off the horse, and as I went the horse kicked me and started to run. Well, there I was hung between the horse and the brindled steer.

Van jumped off and cut the rope between me and the steer, and that left the horse dragging me. The boys surrounded him in the herd and cut me loose.

I had gone to sleep when I got the kick in the head, so I can't remember that it hurt me very badly. I didn't come to until I was in the hospital in Laramie. When I woke up my head was all tied up and my hand was sewed and dressed.

After the boys got through shipping they all came into Laramie to see me. Lee came up first

thing after he got in. He was bawling like a big calf.

"Are you going to lose your hand?"

"He'll not lose his hand, but he'll always have a stiff finger," Dr. Finfrock told him.

Lee paid my doctor bill and the hospital bill and hired a man to take my cattle and saddle horses home, because he had found that I was right about the steer, and he said he felt that it was all his fault. I didn't see it that way, but I couldn't convince him.

CHAPTER XIII: A Graduate Cowman

As soon as I was able to get around again I started school. Mother came in and stayed that winter and kept house for us and put the girls in public school.

We had a wonderful winter. Nearly every night we had invitations to go to some of the neighbors for musical evenings. Mother was one of the best musicians the country had ever known, and all of us kids played some kind of instrument, and we always gathered at some place where there was a piano or organ.

In the spring we all went back to the ranch. There had been no line riders at Bridger Pass that winter, so there were lots of cows that had worked over on the Red Desert. Our job that spring was to hold the cows and calves. The wolves had been bad through the winter, and of course we found lots of cows with spoiled bags.

The wolves had been getting the calves as soon as they dropped.

For our first day's work after we left Bridger Pass we started holding a herd, taking all the cows and calves that were left. We had worked from Barrel Springs down into the Salt Breaks, and when we got down there we started out from camp to make a big circle. I happened to be on the outside of the circle, and Jack Card, who corrupted the parrot awhile back, was with me.

We had nearly gotten to the end of our ride and were thinking of starting back when we discovered a couple of buffalo cows acting rather peculiarly, so we rode over toward them. After we had gotten nearly to them we tumbled to their actions. They were trying to draw us away from a certain place, so we started looking for their calves. You would be surprised to see how a buffalo calf can hide with nothing to hide behind.

We finally scared them up, and then we made up our minds to see if we could tie a buffalo cow down, so we started in after the cows. We couldn't get our horses close enough to get our ropes on

the cows, because the horses were afraid of them. We finally chased the cows until they got into the breaks, and when we turned around to go back to camp we met the two calves lumbering along. We thought we would let them go, but when we started off here came the calves after us, and followed us clear into camp.

These two calves stayed in the herd until we were through branding, and then it happened that we had to rope several cows that had lost their calves, and milk them to keep their bags from spoiling. We already had one cow stretched out and ready to milk when Jack suggested that we get the buffalo calves and give them a feed.

No sooner said than done. Those two calves cleaned that cow in no time. We fed them as long as they would eat, and then they went outside of the herd and lay down. The next morning they were around through the herd looking for something to eat, so Jack Card and I became the wet nurses for those buffalo calves.

After we had got the herd started for the ranch it was a matter of only a few days until our bother with the calves was over. They got so

they would get their own dinner every time they could catch a cow with milk. The cows would kick and run, but that didn't bother the calves very much. They did better when we had the herd on the move, because then the calves could drop in behind the cow they were going to tackle and grab a teat from behind. The cow, of course, objected to the mode of procedure and would start running and kicking, but the calves stuck.

We had lots of fun watching them all the way home. Father objected to us keeping them, but I told him I would take care of the feeding, so they went along with us.

He had an old cow at home that was fresh. She was very old and we had to feed her ground stuff and bran, but she was a good, gentle cow, so we used to put two or three calves on her and milk the mothers of the calves. It was up to old Red to raise our buffalo calves.

After the spring work we had our usual routine of hay stacking and pulling shoes off the spring horses and turning them up into the hills to fatten for the fall work.

Father called me over to the house one morn-

ing and said he had something to talk over. Tom Hunter was there with him. He had been our rep on the spring round-up with the Two Bar wagon up in North Park and Middle Park. He had told Father about finding a great many dry cows over in the Roaring Fork country, and quite a few of the cows had spoiled bags. This meant one of two things—either the wolves had gotten their calves, or they had been rustled.

A man had come up from Texas and settled at the head of Roaring Fork about three years previous. His name was Allen Bird, and he was a queer bird, all right. His neighbors, the closest of whom was forty miles, didn't seem to know anything much about him, or else they didn't want to know. At any rate he came in there with two saddle horses, a team, and a wagon. In about a year he had a few old cows around him, no one knew where or how he got them. He had them branded V Bar V on the left ribs. Our brand was a V Bar, as explained before, on the left ribs, and our ear mark was split the right and crop the left. Bird's ear mark was a crop of both ears.

Everyone seemed to be watching this Bird, but

they couldn't get the goods on him, some way. It developed that the fall before he had shipped a carload of steers. Well, that in itself wouldn't have meant anything if the people could have found out where he got the steers, but no one in the country had sold him any, so they began to watch him pretty closely.

What cattle he had around the ranch he watched closely during the round-up season, and he always tried to cut everything of his back out of the drive before they got the cattle to the round-up ground.

Tom happened to be on the drive that worked the mountains up above the Bird ranch. He noticed Bird was cutting back some nice three- and four-year-old steers. Tom was too far away to see the brands, so he got behind a hill and circled back. He found two nice big steers that he had cut back with their new brand not yet entirely healed, and neither was the ear mark. It was easy to see they were our steers. Bird had made a V Bar V out of our brand and cut the other ear off at the split. Tom didn't say anything to anybody, but he told Father just as soon as he

got home, and Father had called me in to see what we should do about it.

We discussed ways and means for some time. Finally Father told Tommy and me to throw our beds together, take two good saddle horses apiece and a pack horse, and go up into the hills and find where Bird was healing those brands. Then we were to come back and tell Father what we had learned. So we started out.

We left that night with our outfit, and no one knew that we were gone. We got to Point of Rocks, which is now called Walden, the next morning about nine, on the Fourth of July. I entered my horse in the half-mile race and won it. The purse was fifty dollars, so Tommy and I had expense money which we couldn't spend after we left there.

We stayed in town until about eleven that night, and even went to the dance. No one knew but what we came over especially for the celebration. Later that night we slipped out of town quietly and headed for the top of the range at the head of Roaring Fork.

Daylight found us 'way up in the heavy tim-

ber on the headwaters of Roaring Fork. We made camp on a little creek and did our scouting from there. Some of the country we had to look over afoot, on account of down timber. We stayed here three days, and on the evening of the third day I found a fresh cow trail going up Fish Creek, followed by one horse.

I went back to camp and told Tommy what I'd found. We went over the trail next morning and found where a horse had come back down the trail since I was there the evening before.

We went back, broke camp, worked our way through the timber to the trail, and followed the trail up about three miles; then we ran onto a brush fence across the creek to the rock walls on either side. We found the opening made of six heavy poles which we had to let down in order to get through. Believe me, that fence was bull tight. After we got through we put the bars up again and rode on up the creek.

We hadn't gone but a little ways until we began to run into cattle. Every one was freshly branded—that is, fresh enough that we could see what each brand had originally been.

There was a little park surrounded by windfalls and rock walls, right on top of the pass going over to Bear River and Steamboat Springs. We found a nice, strong corral with a squeezer and everything fixed up in fine shape. We were pretty careful in all our moves, because we didn't know but what there might be someone up there on guard.

We finally made the rounds of the park and didn't see anyone, so we went down over the pass to the side next to Steamboat Springs and found a gate something like the one we had come through. We let the fence down and took our horses through and tied them down the draw in the timber.

There was a good, plain trail going down, so we went back, rounded up the whole bunch of cattle, and started them for Steamboat. The trail took us down the draw to Greyling Creek. From there we had a fair road down to the sawmill, and from the sawmill we had a good wagon road clear to Steamboat Springs. We got there about two o'clock in the morning. We had driven those

cattle about thirty-five miles since about noon the day before.

When we got to the springs we turned the cattle loose on the big road down Bear River. Then we caught our saddle horses and went back to the livery stable and put them up. We got George Whipple, who owned the stable and was also the sheriff of Route County, Colorado, and told him what we had done and where we had left the cattle. He took three men with him and left as soon as it was daylight for Bird's ranch.

I sent Tommy to our ranch to tell Dad what we had done, and I held the cattle at Steamboat until he came with the men to take the cattle home.

When Whipple and his men got up to the Bird ranch they surrounded the house and called him out. He came to the door and Whipple told him he was under arrest. Bird asked them all to come in the house and he would get them something to eat before they started back.

They all went inside and sat down while Bird proceeded to get a meal ready. They said he talked and joked with them until they had re-

laxed their vigilance to a certain extent. All at once he whirled and covered the whole bunch. Hi Bernard was nearest the door, and he pulled his gun and shot at Bird. Bird shot too, and both went down. Hi was hit in the shoulder and Bird in the leg.

Bird kept shooting, and then the rest began. Billy Collins was killed, Chalk Benbow was shot in the hand, and George Whipple was creased above the left ear and was completely out for more than an hour. Bird was pretty well shot up, but he got well enough to stand trial and get life in Canyon City. He died two years later.

Bird was shot in the left leg, straight through the face, through the upper right lung, and in the wrist of the right hand. When Whipple came to they loaded the dead and wounded onto their horses and went back to Steamboat Springs. We had a regular hospital there in the livery stable.

Father and two men came down the next day, after Whipple's men had brought Bird in. He and Whipple took Bird to Denver, where he pleaded guilty.

Four of us boys went back up into the moun-

tains and stayed until we had rounded up all of Bird's cattle. We got six cows, old ones, about thirty head of two-year-olds, and fifty head of yearlings, as well as sixty-five head of big spring calves. We got altogether two hundred seventy-two cattle, and nearly all of them had been stolen. Maybe those six old cows had been stolen too, but we didn't know about that. Ninety-seven head of the three- and four-year-old steers belonged to Father, and we found the owners of some of the others. The stock inspector, acting for the Stock Association, gave every owner what he could rightfully claim, and then gave each man a percentage of his losses out of what was left. This ended the career of another bad man of Colorado and Wyoming.

After we returned to our ranch with our stolen cattle we all jumped into the haying and worked for two or three weeks, until it came time for us to get our horses ready for the fall work.

We usually started our beef round-up about the twentieth of August. I was given orders to cut my string and head for the Pot-hook wagon. John Wilcox was the wagon boss of the Pot-hook.

I caught up with them at Bridger Pass, headed for Red Desert and north to Jackson's Hole, coming back around by Sheridan, Buffalo, Lander, Rawlins, and Saratoga, to their home ranch on Cow Creek.

We shipped as we went along from all these railroad points, so when we finished I cut my string and pulled for Big Creek and home. This was in the fall of 1889, and as soon as the weaning was over Jimmie and I went back to the university. This was our last year of school, and we both graduated that spring in the class of 1890—the first class that ever graduated from the university.

During the Christmas holidays we gave a home-talent play, and it was so good that Professor Hale, our dramatic instructor, took the cast to Rawlins; we showed two nights at the opera house, giving the money to the Rawlins High School.

When I got home I received the hardest jolt I had ever had. Father took me out to the barn and we sat down on the grain box, and then he started.

"Bud, you're twenty-one years old and more. You have a better education than I ever had, because I kept you at home this last year so you could graduate. Now you have finished, and you're one of the best cowmen the state of Wyoming has ever produced. There's no reason why you should not go far as a stockman.

"Now, I'm going to give you either ten thousand dollars or the equivalent in stock, and let you make your own way. After my boys are twenty-one I refuse to tell them what to do any longer."

"Well, Father, I have some horses that really belong to me, and a few head of cattle in my own brand. As to the ten thousand dollars, I'd starve before I'd touch a nickel of it. You've made yours, and what you can do I can do. So if you'll hold my cattle on the spring round-up, I'll cut my horses and be gone in four hours."

I packed two saddle horses, saddled another and took two work horses, went and said goodbye to Mother and the girls, and started for Laramie Plains.

CHAPTER XIV: A Beginning

I LEFT home with a dollar and ninety cents in my pocket. My first stopping place was the old Douglas Willin ranch, of the Shoe Sole brand. They were all getting ready to start on the spring round-up, so I went to work for them. When the round-up was over I had a hundred dollars saved up.

While I was on the round-up I spotted a place up on Medicine Bow River where a person could cut about a hundred tons of hay, so I decided that's where I'd build a ranch. After we pulled into Willin's ranch I told George Morgan what I wanted to do, and asked permission to leave the horses I wasn't using until I went up into the Park after my cattle. I had about a hundred and twenty-five head up there, about fifty head of cows and seventy-five head of young stuff.

Father loaned me a man to help drive the cattle as far as the Little Laramie River. There

I turned them into a big field and went over to Medicine Bow and started to work.

I saw right away that I would have to have a wagon and harness, a plow, a mowing machine, and a rake, so I necked my two horses together and went to Carbon and bought me a 3¼ Bain wagon, a good substantial light wagon that I could use for breaking horses or hauling logs and poles, and a good set of heavy harness. I also got me a tent that I could use until I got my corrals and fencing done.

I had to fence my hay land, so I could put up hay for the winter. I also had to have breaking corrals so I could get out and get horses to break. Then I had to get out house logs to start building my house. I only had three miles to haul my fence timber and house logs, so I just went up there and camped until I had cut poles enough to fence my hay land and logs enough to build my house and barn.

By the fifteenth of September I had my hay up, my corrals finished, a two-room house completed, and an L built on but not yet done. I cut only about fifteen tons of hay because I couldn't

get my fence up in time and I had to keep herding the cattle away from the hay.

I built me a long log barn that would stable twenty head of stock, and after that was finished I went over to Mike Quailey's ranch and made a deal with him for hay and a bunch of colts to break. He gave me fifty head of colts, at ten dollars a head. He was to furnish the hay to feed them and deliver the hay to my ranch, or else he would give me ten dollars and board me at his place. I couldn't very well go away from home to work, so he delivered fifty tons of hay over to my place. I went over and got the first ten head of colts and took them home and tied them up. Next morning the big show was on.

I had a stall made for the purpose of handling colts, which we call a bronco stall. It was about four feet wide, and the off side was higher than a horse's back. The near side was about four feet high, and was a panel about six feet long. The siding of the panel was mortised into posts both front and back. The front post was set back about two feet from the manger, so as to leave room for a man to get in to the horse's head to put a bridle

or a halter on him, or to get in and put an arm around the horse's neck. You will no doubt think that isn't necessary. Well, it isn't, but you have no idea what it means to a horse that is naturally frightened anyway to get your arm over his neck and talk to him and rub his neck. When once a colt gets confidence in you he is half broken.

Some of these horses I brought over weren't even halter broke. Mr. Quailey paid me two dollars and fifty cents evtra for breaking those. All of this fifty head were to be broken to ride. I started in on them next morning as soon as I had my chores done. I rode them all in the corral the first day. I finished riding the ten head about four o'clock in the afternoon, and after feeding and watering them I took two or three minutes to pet each one of them.

After about the third day of this corral riding I took them outside and began getting on and off until they didn't flinch or scare when I started to mount. After that training I led them out of the barn and saddled them and rode them out for a mile or so, and in the meantime gently taught them to neck-rein.

Ten days later I took the herd to Mike and rode every one of them in front of him. He accepted them and I took over another bunch. I had the fifty head turned over in forty days after I started. Then he gave me fifty more to break in; some of these being big, heavy horses, and to be broken to work, he paid me fifteen dollars a head, and furnished me a man to help hitch them up.

I cleaned that bunch in a week, and that made a total of a hundred head from Quailey: twenty work horses at a fee of twelve dollars and fifty cents apiece, and eighty head of saddle horses at ten dollars a head. The breaking of the colts netted me one thousand fifty dollars. I figured I had about forty tons of Quailey's hay left over, so I paid him five dollars a ton for it. Thus I made about eight hundred and fifty dollars in about eighty days.

There were lots of chances for me to go to work punching cows, but I couldn't see that when I could make eight hundred dollars in less than three months. Forty-dollar jobs didn't look very good to me.

The feed was good all over the Plains, so my cattle never bothered about trying to go back into the Park. I got out and rode around them every few days and kept them pretty close to home, in case they needed care in the winter.

I took my wagon into Carbon and paid up my debts and laid in a big supply of grub for the winter, and then I went over to the Shoe Sole and arranged for another bunch of colts to break. I got a hundred head from them. I couldn't handle more than fifteen at a time on account of stable room.

As it happened, Bill Robison was at the Willin ranch when I got over there, and he was looking for work. I told him I would give him fifty dollars a month if he would help me break out that hundred colts. He took me up, and the way we turned out colts was a caution. Billy was a good rider and a good hand with colts, so we went through them pretty fast. We were through by the last of October, when we prepared for the winter.

We got in lots of good wood, and we didn't have far to haul it. I could see that I needed a

big pasture to hold the horses in when I was breaking. The only fence I had was around my hay land, and I couldn't let stock run on that, so Billy and I armed ourselves with axes and went up into the timber to cut poles for fencing. We cut bucks and poles nearly all winter. When the snow got so deep we had to wade around too much we sat around the house and played the mandolin and guitar. We never missed a dance if we heard of it.

We had a great time that winter. Billy stayed with me until the spring round-up started and then he went to work for the Haley outfit.

As soon as I could get up into the timber in the spring I started getting out my fence poles and bucks. I fenced in about a hundred and sixty acres for horse pasture. This was in the spring of 1891. When I finished the fence I began to gather in horses to break, and I sure broke a lot of them that summer.

That fall we organized the Frontier's Day at Laramie. We gave an exhibition at the stockyards. Everybody went wild over it, so the next year we staged another one. In 1894 Cheyenne

came down to Laramie and talked the boys into putting on a Frontier's Day at Cheyenne. Well, they hung up some pretty nice prizes, and were really better equipped to put on a good show than we were at Laramie, so the Frontier's Day celebration was automatically changed to Cheyenne, and it has been there ever since.

In the spring of 1893 I got married, and took my wife over to the ranch to live. I had twenty-five hundred dollars in the bank and didn't owe anyone a dime. I made every cent of it breaking horses.

In the spring of 1894 Charlie Heck, owner of the Two-Pole Pumpkin brand, came over to see me about taking charge of his outfit. I told him it would be rather hard for me to leave my home because I had pigs, chickens, and milch cows to take care of, and I didn't think he could afford to pay me the wages I would want. I could make a great deal more than ordinary wages breaking horses. Besides, I would have my haying to look after, and it was about thirty miles from my place over to the Little Laramie River, where Charlie Heck's place was. However, I told him I would

think it over and let him know before the round-up started.

He offered me the big house to live in, and also offered to pay my wife fifty dollars a month for taking care of the house and the chickens. He said we could bring our own chickens, pigs, and cows over and look after them there as well as at our own place. My salary was to be a hundred and fifty a month, with everything furnished.

We decided to take it. Charlie had to go into Cheyenne, as he had to put his girl in school, and he liked Cheyenne much better than Laramie. We stayed at Heck's place until November, 1894, and then he sold out, so we went back home.

When spring came I went over to the Haley ranch and arranged for a hundred head of colts to break and brought them home and started working on them. I tied up about ten head at a time, because that was as many as I could ride in one day.

After I had given them their last ride I pulled their tails and turned them back into the pasture and got a new bunch. This made shave-tails out

of broom-tails. All range horses in that country that are unbroken are called broom-tails. All broken saddle horses are called shave-tails. I just needed to say in range language that I was making shave-tails out of broom-tails, and people would know I was breaking horses.

I finished up the Haley bunch and went over to Red Butte and got fifty head to break, went back home and started in on them. These were nearly all half thoroughbreds branded with the Currycomb. The owner's name was Tom Jay, an Englishman and stock breeder. He never got through talking about the job of breaking I did on his horses. He said he could get on any one of them and go out to any round-up and cut cattle with them. Well, of course, he couldn't do that, but even so they were mighty well reined. And besides, they were smart. A thoroughbred horse has more sense than the majority of people who ride him.

The breaking of the Currycomb bunch and the talking of Tom Jay got me a lot of polo horses to break. Another Englishman by the name of

Brackenbury, who lived down on Medicine Bow about ten miles below me, was raising polo horses, and he came to see me about breaking some for him. He wanted me to come down to his place and live there while I handled the horses. He offered ten dollars a head and board, but he wouldn't pay the extra two dollars and fifty cents and let me break them at my place. I went down there finally and broke out a hundred and ten for him. It took me about three months to finish.

My wife and I had a falling out, and she left me. I went back to the ranch, sold all the pigs and chickens, took what clothes I needed, and went to Laramie. I was there only a few days when John Coble came in from Iron Mountain. He wanted me to take a mess wagon and six men and go up onto Powder River and gather his horses and bring them down to Iron Mountain.

That was in October, and the trip up there and back took us about two months. Tom Horn had charge of the Necktie horses. We gathered seven hundred head and took them down to Iron Moun-

tain, arriving just a short time before the holidays.

Tom and I went into winter camp and broke horses and made rawhide ropes, quirts, and hackamores all that winter. Tom was working for the Stock Association as a special detective all the time he was with Coble.

The next spring, in 1896, I took charge of the cow outfit for Coble. After the spring round-up, when we were gathering horses for the beef round-up, Powell was killed up on Horse Creek. I got in on that event by accident.

George Shanton and I were riding up Horse Creek, about a mile below the Powell ranch, when we met Tom Horn. He was riding like a wild Indian. We both waved at him, but he never stopped.

We went on up to the ranch, and as we topped the hill, just above the meadow, we saw a wagon with part of a load of hay in it, and Mrs. Powell and her little boy. We could hear them crying from where we were. We ran up to the gate and went through and on down to the meadow; when we got there Powell was dead. George and I

looked at each other and we both understood why Tom Horn was in such a hurry when we met him on down the road.

We got Powell on the wagon and hauled him up to the house and put him on the bed. Then we went to Laramie and got the sheriff and coroner.

Nearly everyone around there knew in their hearts that Tom Horn had killed Powell, but they couldn't prove it in court. Billy Powell had been climbing up in the rocks above the meadow a few days before his father was killed, and he saw Tom Horn run to his horse and get on him and ride away. Tom was arrested for murder, but he proved in court that he was fifty miles from that locality at the time of the killing. As for us, we pledged ourselves to secrecy about meeting Tom on the road, because it wasn't healthy for anyone to know too much in that country, and the least said was quickest mended.

In the spring later I took charge of a trail herd going to Dickinson, North Dakota. I received the herd at Orin Junction, on the Cheyenne & Northern Railroad. I was about three months on

the trail with twenty-five hundred head of dry stuff. I turned the herd over at Dickinson, between the Big and Little Missouris.

From there I took the train to Big Sandy, Montana. I went to work for the Flying A outfit. I got there in time for the last shipment of beef, and worked through the weaning. Then McNamara sent me over to the 4T ranch to receive a bunch of saddle horses he had bought.

The 4T ranch was up in the Little Rockies, and was owned by the Curry brothers. Kid Curry helped me drive the horses to Big Sandy, and after Christmas I went back to Laramie and went out to Coble's. I went into a line camp with Tom Horn and stayed until the spring round-up.

Dunk Clark was running the range wagon and holding a herd on this round-up, so Coble put me in charge of the calf wagon on the general round-up. We got through all right, and Coble wanted Tom Horn and me to break out some polo horses for him.

Neal Clark, manager of the P O outfit, came over and wanted us to go over to the P O ranch and break the horses there, and also to break

some of his horses. We agreed and drove over there and started to work. The rest of the fall and winter, 1897–1898, we put in breaking horses at the P O ranch near Cheyenne.

CHAPTER XV: The War Interrupts Life on the Range

IN THE spring of '98 the Spanish-American War started. Tom enlisted at Cheyenne and went as a packer. I went down to Laramie and got there just at the time when Teddy Roosevelt was organizing the Rough Riders.

Nearly all my old schoolmates and range pals were enlisting there, so of course I went with them. There were about a hundred of us went to Cheyenne and enlisted with the understanding that we could pick our own officers. We chose George Shanton for captain, Lou Bath for first lieutenant, and Steve Frazier for second lieutenant. But for official reasons Lou was put back as a private and Steve Frazier got his rating.

Our captain, George, was a fine-looking man of about twenty-two, and as good a cowboy as there was in the country. He was an exceptionally good roper and rider. He had to quit school

when he was in the fourth grade to help take care of his family. They had a ranch up above Iron Mountain and quite a bunch of cattle. George had a brother, Harry, who was with Buffalo Bill, so it was up to George to take care of the old folks.

In 1896 he went to work for Buffalo Bill, and was with him about a year. While he was gone Coble looked after the old people. George came back rather spoiled. He was good, and he admitted it, so we had to give him the credit for handling corral dust properly. He stood six feet in his stockings, and weighed one hundred and ninety. Every inch of him was man.

When the war broke out he was the one who got me to go. We liked him so much we made him captain, and that swelled him up so that his clothes wouldn't fit at all.

He had been given a nice-looking black horse to ride. He had tried him three or four times, and the horse had never shown any inclination to be mean. He was a beauty, weighing in the neighborhood of eleven hundred pounds.

We got our uniforms, and George certainly

looked fine in his. We were just going out on dress parade one afternoon. There was quite a crowd watching us, a lot of women from Cheyenne, and of course George was the center of attraction.

When we were all lining up for inspection George couldn't resist the temptation to grandstand a little, so he grabbed at his pretty black horse. Mr. Horse objected to George's mode of procedure. He immediately threw down his head and told George to come off, which George very obligingly did about the third jump. Of course everybody yelled and cheered for the horse. There was a wild run to catch him, and when George finally got onto him again he was very gentlemanly about it. The horse was a perfect gentleman, too.

On our way to Jacksonville we had a wreck which killed and crippled about fifteen head of our horses. One car got banged open and the whole carload got out and started running wild through those lanes and farms down in Kansas.

We finally got them rounded up and drove them to Tully and put them in a pasture until

the wreck was cleared up enough so that they could be reloaded, and then we went merrily on our way again.

We were stationed at Jacksonville, Florida, all during the war. Our experiences there were tame, to say the least. We had a long-drawn-out siege of waiting for orders, daily training, hiking, cavalry training, and so forth. Nearly all of us had a spell of chills and fever.

The canteen issued us a certain amount of chinidine, which is a form of quinine. It was given to us in sticks, like sealing wax, and we had to warm it over a candle, then pinch it off and roll it in pills. I can taste those pills yet.

After we were mustered out Lou Bath and I took a notion we wanted to see South America, so we took passage for Buenos Aires, where we met my brother Jimmie, who was at that time traveling in South America. He wanted to see the Argentine country, with the idea of raising cattle and horses. We put in two months looking the country over, and then started back to the States.

We took the train at New Orleans and headed

back toward Laramie. I met a man by the name of Frank Lemons after we left Fort Worth, Texas. He was going north to be there when his cattle arrived at Orin Junction. He offered Lou and me both a herd of cattle to trail north to Lodi, Montana. We talked it over and finally decided not to go.

At Laramie we separated, and I went on to Medicine Bow. I made inquiries there about my folks, and discovered that my wife had divorced me and remarried. I made up my mind to go back to Cheyenne and take one of those trail herds north.

I hunted up Mr. Lemons and explained that I had changed my mind and was ready to go north. He told me I would have to wait in Cheyenne until the second herd came up in about two weeks. I told him then that I couldn't wait because I was out of money and wanted to get into the saddle as soon as God would let me. Mr. Lemons then hunted up the fellow he had put in charge of the first herd and persuaded him to let me take the herd while he waited for the second.

Next morning I saddled my one horse, led an-

other to pack my bed when I got to Iron Mountain, and left my other horse for a boy named Johnnie Bailey, who wanted to go north with my herd.

I got to Iron Mountain April 29, 1899. I had seen John Coble in Cheyenne two or three days before I left for Orin Junction, so when I got there all the boys knew I was going north. John had sent one of his men up to the line camp, where Tom Horn was riding, with a load of supplies. This fellow, Frank Henderson, told Tom that I would be at the ranch that night on my way to Orin Junction to take charge of a trail herd going north.

Now Tom had a pair of the prettiest guns I had ever seen, and often while I was working with him I had tried to trade him out of one of them. He told me he'd never trade or sell either one of them, but if he thought enough of anyone he might give him one, or both. That was before we went to war. Tom came back long before I did, because he was taken with fever down in the Philippines and was sent home.

I stayed all night with John, and the next

morning, just as I had finished saddling up and packing my bed, Tom arrived at the home ranch. We shook hands and talked a few minutes, and I could see he had something on his mind, but he was the kind of a man who didn't say a great deal.

"Well, Bud, I understand you are going up into the northern country. Where do you think you will wind up?"

"I think that as soon as I turn my herd loose I'll go back to Big Sandy. When I left there McNamara told me I could have a job any time I wanted it."

"Well, Henderson said you were down here, or would be, so I had to come down to the ranch anyway, and I thought I'd ride in the night and maybe catch you before you left this morning." Tom untied a package from his saddle. He came over and tied it on mine.

"I'm just tying this on your saddle. You can take it off when you get out on the trail. Just a kind of remembrance."

"What is it, Tom?"

"Why, it's a writing outfit, so you won't forget to write to me once in awhile."

That was my good-bye to Tom Horn, one of the best horse breakers and cowpunchers I ever worked with. I corresponded with him for about three years, up until the time he was hanged in Cheyenne for the murder of Willie Nicholas, in 1902.

The package he had tied on my saddle was one of the six-shooters I had tried to trade him out of so many times. I still have the gun, and have carried it for more than thirty years, and there has never been a notch put on it since I've owned it.

As a friend, Tom was true blue. As an enemy, he was deadly.

After saying good-bye to everyone on the ranch, I started out for Orin Junction. The first night out I stopped at the Two Bar ranch, owned by the Swan Land and Cattle Co., located on the Chugwater River.

The next night I stopped at the Cross L ranch, on the Platte River. They told me there they thought I could cross at the old Platte Valley

ranch. By morning, two inches of snow had fallen, but the sun was out nice and bright, and the snow was disappearing fast. The old Platte was pretty high. Every once in awhile you could see a big chunk of ice going down.

I followed the river down to the Platte Valley ranch ford, and studied for quite awhile before I finally made up my mind to try it. I knew I would get my bed wet, so I caught my pack horse, tightened up the pack, and pushed him into the river. Neither of the horses knew the ford, and I didn't know it very well myself, but the packhorse made it O. K. He landed about half a mile down stream. After I saw that he had made it I says to myself, "Well, here goes."

My saddle horse was young and I had never had him in swimming water, so I took off my lass rope and tied it to his hackamore, then I took off my boots and tied them on behind the saddle, and took off all my clothes and tied them over the pommel and horn. I took off every stitch but my hat.

I had to blindfold Flaxy, my horse, before I could get the clothes tied on my saddle. I used

my vest as a blind. And after I had fastened that over his eyes I tried to get on him. I had to bear-fight him for fifteen minutes before I could mount him, but finally I made it. I hadn't got more than thirty feet from the bank when he struck swimming water.

The way he started out I thought he was going to go all right, but before he was halfway across he began to go down. I saw he wasn't going to get anywhere with me on his back, so I threw the lariat down stream, fastened to the McCarty rope. I had fastened the bridle reins so they wouldn't interfere with his swimming, and would give him all the freedom necessary for what struggling he would have to do.

I slipped off behind him and got him by the tail. Now I tell you he went through that water like a steamboat, but the current and the weight of the rope kept pulling him down stream. After he had gone down stream half a mile or so, he turned and swam out on the same side he went in.

Just as soon as he got footing he began kicking at me, but I held onto his tail until I could touch bottom. Then I made a run to catch hold

of the rope. I got it, but I could hardly hold on because my hands were so numb and cold. I managed to hold it when the knot in the end came into my hands. My feet and legs were so numb I couldn't feel anything.

I didn't wait for Flaxy to get rested, but started to fight him so I could mount. He was a little more sensible this time. I rode him back up to where we had taken to the water before, and put him right into it again.

This time he wasn't so scared and went into it like an old horse. When we got more than two thirds of the way across he began to weaken, and I could see that it wasn't meanness this time, but the real thing. I slipped off behind again and grabbed hold of his tail. He got across, but as soon as he got footing he began kicking. I let loose and grabbed for the rope, caught it, but my hands were so numbed by that time I couldn't hold it, and off Flaxy went, with every stitch of clothes I had.

The snow was nearly all gone, but the ground was cold, and since my feet were dead as far as any feeling was concerned, it really didn't make

much difference. My skin was as blue as indigo, and there went my saddle horse out across the prairie, dragging fifty feet of rawhide rope and kicking at it every jump.

I wasn't worried much. It was only about a quarter of a mile over to the Platte Valley ranch, just over the ridge. My pack horse was quietly feeding down by the river bank, so I thought I would go over and catch him and get some clothes out of my warbag. Smoky was perfectly gentle, and a thoroughbred, but he had seen me dressed as I wasn't, so as soon as I got close enough to talk to him he took one good look at me, let a snort out of him like a bull elk, and away he went with my pack.

My only chance was to make for the ranch. I had stopped there lots of times and was acquainted with nearly all of the boys working for that outfit, and there had never been a woman living on the ranch, that I could remember, so I had no scruples about walking in there with my dress suit!

I got to the ranch fence and climbed up on the top pole and sat there for some time to see if

the sun wouldn't thaw me out. I was too cold to thaw, so I climbed down and headed for the ranch house. I had thought I would walk right in, but when I got to the door something warned me that there might be strangers there, so I just knocked.

My God! I was standing there shaking like a horse with the jiggers when a *woman* opened the door. She let out one screech and you would have thought she was being murdered. She slammed the door shut, and I beat it around the house and ran right into her husband with a Winchester trained on my middle.

He bellowed, "What the hell's the matter with you? Are you crazy?"

I was so cold I could hardly talk, but I finally got him to understand I wanted fire. He took me down to the bunk house, wrapped a big heavy blanket around me, and then built a fire in the bunk-house stove.

After he got me fixed comfortable he went up to the house and brought back a quart of Yellowstone whiskey and gave me a few snorts. Then he got onto a horse and went out and rounded up

my pack and saddle horses. One of my boots was lost, but I found it later on our back trail. Then Mr. Yates, as I found out his name was, wanted me to go up to the house for dinner, since I was once more respectably clad.

I tried to beg off, for it was only three miles up to Orin Junction, and I told him I'd rather go hungry for a week than face his wife after the scare I'd given her.

Yates said, "Hell, man, that could've happened to any man. You just come right along and eat dinner as though nothing had happened."

Well, of course, to his way of thinking I suppose it would have been all right, if Mrs. Yates hadn't started to sympathize with me in my trouble. She did that, and to top it off good she burst out laughing, and I can't remember that I enjoyed my dinner very much.

I got up to Orin Junction two days before my herd got in. We started branding the cattle as soon as they were unloaded from the train. I put two men to work making branding chutes, and while they were busy at that we branded with horses. That was pretty slow work, because I only

had two men besides myself who were any good at roping. The boys got the chutes ready in the afternoon of the second day, and the third day we cleaned up the bunch. We let the cattle rest one day, and then started them north.

Our first camp out of Orin Junction was Lightning Creek, about twelve miles on. There we were destined to remain a week.

When we got to camp that night I started to give the boys their shifts on night guard and day herding. The man who had charge of the outfit coming down with the wagon and horses, Ed McInturf, says to me:

"Well, I've been the boss of this wagon all the way down here, and I don't 'low as how I'm goin' t' take orders from you or anybody else. So until I'm officially fired I ain't turnin' this outfit over to you, or I ain't takin' orders from you nor nobody else but Lemons."

"Very well, Ed. You can consider yourself officially fired, and any of the rest of the boys that are not satisfied with the arrangements can also consider themselves fired."

The day wrangler and the cook and three of

the cowboys said they'd stick with me, but Ed McInturf and four boys, including the night wrangler, quit.

I went on into Cheyenne after leaving my men to guard the cattle, and wired Lemons just how things stood. I told him we would have to stay on Lightning Creek until I received orders from him, since I couldn't move the wagons and cattle with what men I had that were loyal. I told him to wire McInturf, and also to give me full authority.

I waited in the junction until I had an answer, at nine o'clock the next morning. The gist of it was that I was to get a checkbook in the mail, pay off all the boys who wanted to go, and go to Orin Junction with the bed wagon to meet the five men Lemons was sending up, because they would have their saddles and beds. There was also a wire to McInturf.

I went back to camp, gave Ed his telegram, and paid off the boys. Ed came to me and said, "Bud, I'll have to get a saddle horse and pack horse to get my bed to the Junction."

"No, Mac, you can't have a horse, nor can any

of the rest of you, but I wouldn't put anyone afoot. I'm going in to the junction after dinner and you can throw your stuff in the wagon and I'll haul it in for you."

We all got loaded up and started into town. Mac got sort of repentant and said, "Bud, I think that all the boys are willin' to go back and work. I know I am, for one."

"No. You know as well as I do that no man can go back and work for another man after what has happened. You may be a good man, and I've no doubt you are, but there would always be a memory of what's gone before and a certain bitterness which would surely come to the surface sooner or later. I don't think you will have any trouble getting a job with some of these herds that are going north."

The other boys hadn't much to say and when we got into the junction we all went over to the hotel bar and had a round of drinks. I waited until the train came in and got the boys that Lemons had sent out. After loading up with what the boys had we headed back to camp. We

finally got in running order again and started on our way.

Our next camp was Black Thunder, and from there we went by Bellefourche, Donkey Creek near Gillette, and from Gillette to Crazy Woman River. We lay over there two days because it was a two days' drive from there to Stinking Water, and not very good feed in between. We had to make dry camp one night.

I had a good bunch of boys, every one of them cowboys, and our cattle traveled like horses. We didn't have any cows and calves to bother with because everything was yearlings and twos and threes, steers. After ten days on the trail they were as well trail broke as anyone could wish. We would throw them in on water about four to six o'clock and let them feed out until about sundown, and then we would bunch them and hold them until they settled for the night.

We seldom struck a fence, unless it was a pasture for horses, around some ranch on the creeks. The big cow outfits were mostly on the rivers, and even then there were no fences to hinder us, so we kept a northerly course all the way.

From Stinking Water we had the stage road for about fifty miles until we got to Lander. From Lander the stage road swung west and crossed Powder River toward Buffalo. We kept on north and crossed Powder River at Lariat. At Lariat we struck the Bug Wagon brand. They were on the spring round-up, and I met quite a few boys I knew.

We had quite a time getting our outfit across the river. Lariat is on the north side, and we struck it on the south. Powder River was as high as it ever got, and was swimming from bank to bank. The stockyard was on the south side, so we took our teams, just the wheel horses, and pulled the wagons up on the track to the river bridge and unharnessed them. We threw the harness in the wagons and six cowboys to each wagon pushed them across the railroad bridge, right over the ties.

We went back and got our horses and cut out about a dozen head of old gentle ones, took them down to the river, and held them there until the boys had the cattle bunched just behind them, and then we started the horses across and pushed

the cattle in after them. That was as pretty a sight as anyone ever saw. Those cattle took to the water just like old saddle horses.

The wagon boss of the Bug outfit said he never saw any nicer work than we did putting those cattle across the river. I told him I had real cowboys, and that that was the secret of handling cattle.

This wagon boss's name was John Coffee and he was very interesting. That is, he would keep one interested while he was talking, for he was an expert tobacco-plug artist. One would have to stand off from him about six feet and keep dodging all the time to avoid being spit on. John was an exceptionally good cowman and understood the business thoroughly, though he was a joke with all the cowpunchers on account of his habit of spitting tobacco juice on anyone he happened to be talking to. The front of his shirt was always plastered with tobacco stain and his mouth wasn't a pretty sight; still, there was the advantage of knowing that you couldn't get close enough to him to get a good look at it.

We went from Lariat to Clear Creek. Clear

Creek was out of its banks and was a pretty mean stream to cross. Our horses and cattle made it in good shape, but we had to put floaters on our wagons to get them over. We cut two big cottonwood logs and lashed one to each side of every wagon to buoy it up. The logs of course were dead. It took us about four hours to get all the wagons across. We were in swimming water from the time we stepped off the bank. The river wasn't more than a hundred and fifty feet wide, but it was sure swift.

CHAPTER XVI: Some Work and Some Play Take Us North

AFTER we had made the crossing I put on a regular shift of day herders, and we lay over about three days. The feed was fine and the cattle would fill up in three or four hours and then lie down. About noon they took their mid-day rest until about three, and then they would start feeding again and feed until sundown. After that we put them on the bed ground and bedded them for the night.

This is how we arranged the herding, etc. When laying over, as we did after crossing Clear Creek, the day herders would hold the cattle until relieved. The horses would be brought in while the cowboys were eating their supper, and as soon as they had finished they would catch night horses and go out and relieve the day herders. The day herders would come into camp and catch their night horses the first thing, so the

nighthawk could get the *remuda* out of the corral as soon as possible.

In the meantime, the rest of the cowboys who had relieved the day herders would push the cattle onto bed ground and round them up. Then all but two of the boys would go to camp; those two stayed to hold the cattle until eight o'clock. That shift was called "killpecker." At eight the first guard would take the cattle and hold them until ten o'clock.

About nine-forty-five one of the guards would ride in and wake the second guard. If the cattle were quiet the one who went in to call would go to bed. When the second guard got out to the herd the other herder would come in and go to bed.

The second guard was usually the hardest, if the cattle were quiet. The reason was that always, about eleven-thirty, cattle will get up and stretch and walk around a bit, and then lie down again. Usually they will just get up and stretch and lie down in the same place, but sometimes they walk around for quite a while. So when the second guard went in to call the third they usually made

it as snappy as possible, and got back out to the herd and stayed until the third guard got out.

Third guard held the cattle until two in the morning, and the fourth guard held them until four o'clock. Everyone in camp was eating breakfast by that time. Whoever was first to get saddled went out to relieve the last guard. From four o'clock until the cattle were started off the bed ground was a short shift, and was called the "cocktail."

When the cattle started getting up the cowboys got into their places and started stringing out the herd, if we were going to travel on that particular day. If not, then the day herders took them over again.

We camped three nights at Clear Creek, and then pulled north again. Our course lay north up Powder River Valley for about five days. Then the Powder River left our course and we headed toward the Big Horn Mountains and Sheridan.

We crossed Goose Creek near the mouth on Tongue River, and followed up Tongue River to the old Cross L ranch. There we camped for three days, until I could go to the agency on the

Big Horn River and get a permit to cross the Crow Reservation.

I went to Custer and got a permit and six Indian police to police me across the reserve. We had several little streams to cross. One of them, Lodgepole, was a mean little river, but the Indians showed us a ford where we got over in good shape. There was no swimming water at all for the wagons.

We struck the Little Big Horn after we left Lodgepole and followed it down to the mouth, passing by Custer, where the agency was. I camped the wagons just across the Little Big Horn from Custer's grave, and nearly all the boys went over to take a look at this famous spot.

We put the *remuda* in front of the cattle and moved them down to the river. We held them until the cattle were right behind them, and then we put the *remuda* in and the cattle went across without even hesitating. The Big Horn was pretty high and swift, and it was a pretty sight to see the rainbow of the cattle's heads stretched across the river.

I forgot to mention the horse race we had on

Tongue River, after I got back to the herd from my trip to the Indian agency. I matched a race with one of the Indian police for a half mile, and won all the money the Indians had, with about twenty I. D. blankets. These were issued by the government and were all wool, probably costing six dollars apiece at the agency. They were single, and made good bed blankets or saddle blankets.

After this race I could have traded Smoky for a whole herd of Indian ponies. I had to keep him tied up all the time we were on the reservation or they would have stolen him. They did try it, but I caught them in the act.

Well, from Custer City we headed straight across to Billings. We made the drive in three days. We struck the Yellowstone just below Billings on the first of July, 1899. The Yellowstone was bank full, and we had to take the wagons up to the toll bridge at Billings to cross them. Let me tell you, she was some river, but we never made a bobble in crossing—except that one man's horse quit on him in midstream. The fellow just climbed aboard of a big steer and

rode him clear of the herd on dry land. The horse came out about a fourth mile below where the cattle had crossed.

When we got to the river I paid the Indian police ten dollars apiece for guiding me across the reservation. They were willing to quit the reservation and go on north with me, but I had all the men I needed to finish the drive.

After loading the bed wagon with provisions for the balance of the trip I took the outfit to Rattlesnake Springs, and we pitched camp there for three days and held the cattle on good feed. The Fourth of July we all took turns going into town. I was in town all day, with my three horses running, and won three races. I cleaned up a little more than six hundred dollars on those three races.

From Rattlesnake we drove to Musselshell River. We camped at Round-up on the Musselshell, and then worked down until we struck the R L ranch; there we had to lie over and boil our clothes. Those Indians got every one of us lousy.

John Cartwright was the general manager of the R L ranch, and had taken the place of Sid

Willis, who had been manager before him. Sid had gone down to Glasgow and was running a saloon there at this time. However, they had a thoroughbred horse on the ranch that they had named Bay Sid, after Sid Willis.

He was a long-distance horse, so Cartwright, having heard of my cleaning up the short races in Billings, wanted to match me a mile race with any of my horses. I finally put up Smoky against Bay Sid for a mile race. They had a mile straightaway track out on the river bottom, so I put up all the money I had and my three horses against three hundred dollars, and bet my saddle, chaps, and spurs against a hundred dollars. I bet everything but my underwear, and the other boys bet everything they had. When the race was over we had plenty money.

I failed to mention that I had met Ed McInturf in Billings and given him a job. Two of my men quit when we got there and I needed a man or two, so when Ed showed up I put him to work. I also hired a man at the R L ranch, a brother of the manager, named Evert Cartwright. He had had some trouble with his wife

and they had separated so his brother John wanted me to take him with me and I did. He was a good man after I got him straightened up from his drinking habits.

We left the Musselshell and headed across to Cherry Creek, and down that to the Big Dry. We got over on the Big Dry and met some of the Frying Pan horse outfit. This outfit was owned by the Curry boys, Butch Cassidy, and Billy Small.

The Curry boys were the "fence" whereby these other boys got rid of their stolen horses, commonly called "wet" horses. The Frying Pan brand was used to burn out any other brand that was on the horses, and then Curry would put the 4T on them, and sell them around to the stockmen, or ship them east and sell them.

Billy Small finally pulled out of the game and went over to Glasgow and opened up a saloon, and afterward ran for sheriff of Valley County and was elected. I think he held office for two terms. He made a good sheriff and a good citizen. I got very well acquainted with him in later years.

We followed the Big Dry down to the mouth where it emptied into the Big Missouri. There we turned the herd loose. We didn't have any branding to do, as we had branded everything at Orin Junction. Some of the two-year-olds had the maps of Texas and New Mexico already on them and after we had put the L7 on their left ribs at Orin Junction they were very much branded.

Mr. Lemons was at Box Springs, on the mouth of the Big Dry, to meet us and receive the cattle. I tallied them out and we were seven head short. Mr. Lemons complimented me very highly on the way the herd looked, and on my small loss. He offered me the job as wagon boss, with the chance for being range manager after I had learned the range. I told him I had a good job waiting for me up at Big Sandy, otherwise I would have stayed with him.

That afternoon I put in taking the racing plates off my horses and reshoeing them with saddle plates. Ev Cartwright came to me and wanted to help, and also wanted to go on to Big Sandy with me, so we arranged to leave Box

Springs early the next morning and head for Big Sandy.

Next morning Ev and I threw our beds together and packed Smoky. Ev rode Chief and I rode Flaxy. The L7 outfit had a boat down at the mouth of the Big Dry, so we got one of the boys to go down with us and row us across. We unpacked Smoky and put the bed in the boat. I sat behind and led Flaxy, and we turned the other horses loose. Ev sat in front while the L7 man rowed. The other horses piled in behind us and were across almost as soon as we were.

We sent the boatman back and proceeded to pack our horses and get on our way. It was twenty miles from there to Glasgow, but we got in there about three in the afternoon. We stayed in Glasgow that night, and pulled out the next morning. We went as far as Hinsdale that day and lay over until next morning.

The day following we went to Dodson, and from there we made the ride to Havre. We stayed in Havre a couple of days and then went down to Big Sandy.

When we got to Big Sandy we put our horses

in the livery stable and I started making the rounds to hunt up my old friends. I went up to the store and found Sam Miller, the range manager, and reported for work. The beef round-up had been out about two weeks, and was camped on Gorman Creek, holding a herd. Miller sent Ev and me out to camp, so we started work for the Flying A.

I was not acquainted with the wagon boss, whose name was Herman Knoell, but I got to know him pretty well next day when they started to work the herd.

I discovered that they had a slang phrase they had picked up somewhere. Every time a steer or cow would break out of the herd someone would take after him to turn him back, and everyone in and around the herd would start yelling, "Tie the — — — — down," or, "Tie 'im down!"

I sat there on my horse and listened to them for quite awhile; I couldn't get their point of view, so I made up my mind that if one broke out by me and the boys began yelling at me I would do just that.

Pretty soon one big steer, a four-year-old,

broke out past me, and I took in after him. Everyone started yelling for me to tie him down, the boss included. I just lined the steer out for about a hundred and fifty yards, took down my rope and followed him until he went over a little rise, dabbed my rope on him and tied him. When I came back Herman said to me, "What did you do with that steer?"

"What did you tell me to do with him?"

"Did you tie that beef steer?"

"I sure did. When a man tells me to do anything, and I'm working for that man, I'm going to do as near as I can what he tells me to do."

Old Herman was pretty mad.

"Any man with any sense at all would know better than to rope a big beef steer!"

"Mr. Knoell, I knew that was a damn' fool thing to do, but since you were the first one to holler at me to tie him down, just what the hell did you mean for me to do with him if you didn't mean for me to tie him?"

"Well, that is just a saying the boys have picked up somewhere, and it don't mean nothing."

"Very well, Mr. Knoell, after this that's one order I'll disobey."

Of course I knew it was a bad thing to do, but I just wanted to show them all that one man could tie a steer quicker than two could. At that time, those Northern boys had never seen one man tie a steer alone. They had heard of its being done in the Southern country, but up North they had no occasion to do it.

In gathering cattle in the chaparral country, like Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, tying cattle is a part of the day's work, and if you can't tie them you just don't work very long. I will try to explain how and why that is.

Mostly, in the good grass country in the above-mentioned states there are patches of chaparral. These patches are all the way from one to ten and twenty acres. Then there will be open ground where there is fine feed and no brush, and it will be sometimes a fourth of a mile between patches. Most of the cattle are born and raised in that country, and any time they see a horsebacker coming they take to the brush.

A man can ride in and scare them out, but

they always head for the nearest bunch of brush and you could work your head off all day and maybe you wouldn't have cleaned up a mile of country. To make it easier on horses, cattle, and men, as many old cows are taken along on round-up as there are riders with the wagon.

In the morning they start the mess wagon on to the next camp, and two men are left to hold the old cows at the old camp. The cowboys follow the wagon. After camp is located next they spread out about a fourth of a mile apart and start driving the cattle out of the brush. Your job begins as soon as you run a bunch out. You are supposed to tie as many as you can before they get to the next brush patch.

Every man leaves camp with about fifty rawhide piggin' strings in his belt, and if he has used all of his strings when he gets back to where they are holding the old cows he has done a damn' good day's work.

Then each cowboy takes an old, gentle cow and starts back toward the new camp, going over the ground where he has tied his cattle. He begins to cut them loose as he comes to them.

You will find that when the cattle are turned loose after having been tied down for from one to five hours, they will throw in with the gentle cows, and you could drive them into the neck of a bottle, but you couldn't drive them back into the brush with all the dogs in the country.

By the time we get to the wagon we have quite a herd. So you see, tying down cattle is not a feat for show; it is an absolute necessity. If you can't tie a steer or cow you can't hold down a job in the brush country.

Those Northern boys had never worked in the South, and consequently knew nothing of Southern ways. They had heard some of the boys from the South talk of tying a cow brute down single-handed, and they had made fun of it, in their ignorance. That was why they got to yelling, "Tie 'im down!"

The Northerners were good ropers and good riders, but when they wanted to throw a steer or cow one man would catch him by the head and another by the heels, and so stretch the critter out. There are some parts of southwest Colorado where they have to tie their cattle, but

not on account of chaparral. The southwestern part of Montrose County is covered with oak brush in patches that make the work nearly like the chaparral difficulties of the South.

Well, I got along pretty well with the outfit after that. Old Herman didn't like me especially, because he knew that I came up there to take the wagon, though I never mentioned that to a soul.

After we had finished the beef round-up we started in on the cows and calves. We got along fine and were just finishing up the cow and calf gather when Herman and I tangled again.

The trouble started when we were on our last drive. We were throwing cows and calves in the Studhorse Williams' field for weaning. As it happened, a man we called Bronco Bill was with me on the drive, and we didn't find any cows or calves, so we poked along up Studhorse Coulee and jumped a bunch of cattle. There were two good, big steers in the bunch that we had missed some way on the beef round-up. Anyway, Bill says, "Bud, you take the white-face, and I'll take the red one, and we'll see who ties down the quickest." Bill was a Southerner and a good

cowboy, and was repping for the Bear Paw Pool outfit.

Well, we both took down our ropes and started together. We never did know who tied first, because we were out of sight of each other when we got them tied, but we rode up on a little ridge about the same time. While we were sitting there on our horses, along comes a fellow by the name of Charlie Lovenger. He came right up the coulee where I had my steer tied.

I had broken a horn off the steer when I threw him and, his face being white, he was a bloody-looking sight. Charlie rode up to us and said, "Who tied that steer?"

I told him I did, and that I was just practising. He hadn't seen Bill's steer, and we didn't mention it to him. After he had gone we turned our steers loose and went to camp.

There wasn't a thing said that night after we got into camp, but next morning when we went out to catch horses Herman told me to wait while he caught me a horse. They had a sorrel, flax-mane-and-tail horse which they had tried to break to ride, but he had bucked everyone off,

and besides he was mean to bridle. It took about four men to put the bridle on him every time they worked him. He was a good work horse in spite of it all, and weighed about twelve hundred pounds. Herman finally got his rope on him and led him out.

"Here. See how many you can tie down with this one!"

I had seen them battle with him to get a bridle on him, so I just took my lariat and made a collar for him. I pulled his hind feet up and laid him down and bridled him, then I let him up and took the ropes off him and saddled him and mounted.

He made me ride, too, but after he got through bucking I got him into a run and let him go for about a mile. Then I pulled him up and we rode along together for quite awhile. I finally got into a bunch of cattle and threw my steer. It wasn't so hard, after the horse got the idea.

I noticed all the other cowboys had stopped up on the ridge and were watching me, so I just sat down and rolled me a cigarette and proceeded to enjoy a smoke. Old Herman finally pulled out for camp, but the other boys came back and

LET'S SEE HOW MANY YOU TIE DOWN IN THIS ONE.

we sat there and talked things over. Everyone had heard what Herman had said when he gave me the horse to ride, and they were all tickled pink because I had ridden the horse and showed Herman that I wasn't afraid to rope off of him.

After we had talked awhile I turned the steer loose and rode on into camp, where I turned my horse loose, rolled my bed up, and threw my saddle and bed into the bed wagon, because I knew it was going to town. I also knew Herman was going to fire me if I gave him half a chance.

He did. The horses were all in the corral and the boys were pulling shoes when Herman came over to me and told me to throw my bed and saddle into the bed wagon. I told him they were already there. He then ordered me to pull the shoes off my horses, but I told him I couldn't, as I had already quit.

"You'll pull the shoes off your string or I'll throw your outfit out here on the ground and you can walk to Big Sandy."

"Well, you can unload that stuff if you want to, Herman, but if you do, remember I'm going to live in this country for some little time."

He walked off and never said any more. Finally Bronco Bill told me to come over to the corral and he would catch me a saddle and pack horse, cut out the rest of his string, and go home. He had to go within a mile of the Gorman Creek field where I had my horses, so I parted with him there. Next time I saw him was when he came to Big Sandy with the smallpox.

CHAPTER XVII: After Mixing with Neighbors, a Steer, a Nest of Bees, and a Hailstorm, I Ride the Border—and Return

WHEN I got into Big Sandy I happened to catch C. J. McNamara in town, and he sent me out to the Taylor ranch on Eagle Creek, just below the home ranch. Herman came up with some other fellows from the lower ranches, and we started weaning calves.

When we had the cows and calves separated I had about two thousand head at the Taylor place, and there were about a thousand at the N L ranch over on Dog Creek. John Brinkman and John Bowman were left over at the N L to feed those, and Mart Hanby was left with me to feed at the Taylor place.

After we were given our places for the winter there came about two weeks of the damnedest bawling you ever heard. Those calves sure had strong lungs. We had a tight fence to hold the

calves in and had water running through the corral, and we fed them.

In about two or three weeks the cows gave up their calves and gradually worked out and got farther away. By four weeks they had all worked down to the river brakes.

As soon as the cows had gone we started dividing the calves up into bunches of from five to six hundred each, and took a bunch to every ranch where there was plenty of hay. We left two men to feed each lot.

They fed about six hundred head at the Big Sandy ranch, about the same amount at the Whitcraft ranch, and about five hundred head at the Taylor ranch. Then there were about three hundred purebred Herefords up at the home ranch.

This was the winter of '99 and 1900.

After we had the calves all weaned and everything had settled down to feeding, Mac sent me down to the Whitcraft ranch to take care of the dogs. They had Russian wolfhounds, and all I had to do was to feed them and take them out

and catch coyotes and wolves for the rest of the winter.

I got a cabin in town and batched. Every morning I rode out to the Whitcraft and took the dogs for a hunt. Sometimes I took them up to the Eagle Creek ranch and would stay there three or four days to give the wolves a run, then I would go over to the N L ranch and stay there for a week or so.

When I went to the N L ranch I found that the man Yates (who nearly shot me the time my horse got away with my clothes in Wyoming) was working there. He and his wife and two children had come up there after I left Orin Junction with the trail herd. They were glad to see me, and as the wolves were pretty bad over there, I stayed most of the winter.

While I was at the N L ranch Sam Miller, the range foreman, came out to examine the conditions and the range in general and we got to talking about the beaver dams in the creek.

The N L was capable of cutting about one thousand tons of hay, and would have done it if it had not been for the beaver. When the dams

were built for irrigating, and the ditches were made, the beaver immediately took advantage of the dam and made their homes there. They weren't satisfied to see the water going out of the headgate, so they started in to stop it by building their own dam in the headgate, to make the water deeper in the dam. If there happened to be a weak place in the dam they strengthened it. Thus the dam proper was a work of art, but the dams across the ditches had to be torn out every few days during the irrigating season. If they were torn out in the morning, next morning they would be built up again.

Sam asked me if I could catch beaver. I told him sure I could, and I thought I could clean them all out by spring. He told me he'd see McNamara about it, and try to get me a permit, and that he'd get me two dozen traps and let me go to it.

In about ten days McNamara had permission to wage war on the beaver, so they sent me the traps and I went to work in earnest. I had three old traps that had been used to catch coyotes, and I started trapping beaver as soon as Sam

left. I had about ten caught when the new traps came. I never missed getting a beaver any night after I got those traps, and one night I caught eleven.

About Christmas I went into Big Sandy to play for the dance, and had a talk with McNamara about the beaver hides. I told him I'd like to have enough to make me a coat, and he told me I could have half of what I caught.

It took about fifteen to seventeen average hides to make a full-length coat, so I had enough hides right then to make three full-length coats. I had every flat surface in the barn and house filled with stretched hides. As soon as they dried I baled them and put them up in the attic of the house. Still I had to keep scurruping around to find a place to stretch my hides.

Along about the last of March my catch began to simmer down and finally I didn't catch any beaver to speak of.

About the first of April they gave a dance up at the old Lanahan place, and we all loaded up and went. I played the organ until daylight the next morning.

When I got back to the ranch every hide I had had stretched out on the outside of the house and barn was gone. I had had hides stretched on the outside and inside of the toilet, and they were gone. Altogether about twenty-six hides had disappeared. It had snowed a little that night and I found a horse track coming from the direction of town and the same track going back, so I took the trail.

At the Helbig ranch I found the horse that made the tracks, with the sweat not dry on him yet. The Helbigs were all at the dance, so I knew it wasn't any of them. I made a big circle around the ranch and found another fresh track going toward Eagle Creek.

I followed that to the Seifert ranch and found the horse in the barn, still sweaty. Herman Knoell's saddle was hanging up behind the horse, and I felt of the saddle blanket. It was wet, so I went to the house and called Herman out.

He swore he hadn't been away from the house all night, so I took him out to the barn and showed him his horse and saddle blanket. He swore up and down that someone else had ridden

the horse, for he hadn't been on him for three days.

Of course I couldn't prove anything, so I just dropped it. I already knew how I could get even with him, but that wouldn't get me my hides back.

I went from the Seiferts' back up to Eagle Creek and on to the home ranch, and happened to catch McNamara there. I told him what had happened and asked him what he wanted me to do about it. He said he couldn't see that we could do anything more than I had done.

Well, we let it drop, and I went back to the N L. I took the hides we had up in the attic and hauled them over to the home ranch, and Mac sent me down to tell Herman to start gathering the horses for the spring round-up.

Mac told me I could have the wagon if I wanted it, but I thought Herman needed it worse than I did, so after the horse round-up I took a string of horses and lit out for the Circle C, owned by Bob Coburn.

I was with them all through the spring round-up. When the home wagon started out on the spring work McNamara gave Herman orders to

hold all the big smooth beef for August market, so when I got back from the Circle C I found we had a herd to hold.

I got home about the twenty-fifth of June, 1900, and Mac gave me the wagon and sent me to the reservation to range herd those beef until August. I took them up on the headwaters of the Big Sandy and Box Elder creeks, and we started day herding them.

I had a horse wrangler, nighthawk, cook, six riders, and myself, so altogether there were ten of us left to hold the beef. We range herded them in the daytime and we night herded them for a while, and after that we just rounded them up in the evening and stayed with them until they began to lie down, when we would go on into camp. In the morning we made a big circle around them to see that they were all there, and I'd leave a couple of men to climb upon the pinnacles where they could get a view of the surrounding country and watch the cattle through their guard.

When we were not on guard we would go fishing or pick gooseberries and serviceberries. I

never saw such trout as we had up there in Big Sandy Creek.

The stream was only small, one could step across most any place, but the fish would weigh as much as two pounds. We fixed a pool about six feet across and dammed it up so the fish couldn't get out, and then we used to go along under the bank and reach along until we touched a fish; then we'd close our hand on him and bring him out. When we had gotten a pailful this way we'd empty the pail into the pool. That way, all we had to do when we wanted a fish was go out with a seine we had manufactured out of a gunny sack and dip up a mess.

We were all going down to Big Sandy to the Fourth of July celebration, so we made great preparations toward that end. On the second I took about twenty of the nicest trout we had and planned to take them down to a friend in Big Sandy and have her fry them for the boys. I cleaned them and salted them and rolled them in green grass and had them all ready for the trip, but they never arrived there.

That night a big electrical storm came up and

the herd stampeded. It was impossible to do anything until daylight. We could hear the cattle racing through the timber all night. Some of them came through camp and tore our horse corral down and also tore down the bed tent. So the cowboys were all afoot and could do nothing until daylight.

Next morning, as soon as it was light, we rounded them up, and outside of a few head that had gotten trammeled and had their necks and legs broken, we didn't lose a head.

We had just finished throwing the dead ones into the basin when I told the boys they could go on to camp, all except the day herders. I stayed with them for a while. Then I started for camp through the timber.

I had gone only a short distance when I ran onto a big steer lying with his feet uphill and his back against a quaking-asp tree. I thought at first he was dead, but when I got closer I could see that his eyes were blinking, and that he had a hole dug in the ground where he had been struggling with his horn and head. He seemed

to have given up and was just lying there exhausted.

I got off my horse and thought I would look him over and maybe turn him, and in that way be able to give him a better chance to get up. What I should have done was to put my rope on his legs and turn him over with my horse, but I thought I could take hold of his hind legs and turn him toward the tree and save time.

I turned him all right, but when I got him just about straight up and down on his back he kicked with both hind feet; one foot hit me in the stomach and the foot I held hit me in the eye. When I came to I was twenty feet down the hill, not dead, but very thoughtful.

I got up and looked myself over, and I was a pretty bloody-looking person, besides not feeling the best in the world. My right eye was swelling fast and by the time I got on my horse, whose name was Ginger, I was feeling pretty homesick.

I started my horse down through the quaking-asp timber and hadn't gone more than half a mile when my horse went directly under a hornets' nest the size of a water bucket. Of course you

couldn't expect hornets to be in a very good humor anyway after such a storm as we had had, and then my rubbing their nest that way with my head, they just naturally came out on the war-path. They must have hit my horse first, because he tried every funny jump he had in his bag of tricks, and he had many under ordinary circumstances.

I got stung three times in the face, once between the eyes, and on both cheeks, shoulders, arms, hands. I don't know how many times the horse was stung, but I do know he was a mighty hard horse to ride for about five minutes.

When I got into camp I guess I was a sight. My face was scratched and swollen all out of shape, and I could barely see to get off the saddle and find my way to the cook tent. Sam Miller, the range foreman, was in there and was standing in the cook-tent flap when I went up.

I said, "Hello, Sam."

He looked at me for a minute and then answered, "Seems to me there's something familiar about you. What was your name before you were married?"

"Laugh, you wooden-shoed — — — —! I guess if you had got my dose you wouldn't laugh!"

I guess it was funny all right, but I failed to see the funny part. There we were, all cocked and primed to go to the big dance at Big Sandy the next day, and I had the nicest batch of fish to take with me, and everything! Well, I didn't go to the dance or to Big Sandy either. The next day I couldn't see out of either eye, and it was nearly a week before I could.

Along about the last part of August McNamara rode from Eagle Creek and looked the cattle over. He told me he had ordered cars for the first of September, and told me to have the cattle down to the Gorman Creek dam on the morning of the first. We had only two days to get them there, so that night we bedded them down and stood guard over them all night. We had them traveling by daylight, and on the night of the first of September we made camp on Gorman Creek.

The next morning Herman came to the wagon and told us that the cars were not yet in, so it was

up to us to day herd the cattle till they did come in. However, the feed was good and they were no trouble to hold until along in the afternoon, when the wind came up rather suddenly and it grew dark.

We knew we were going to have a storm of some kind. We bunched the cattle, so we would have a better chance to handle them. There were four of us on day herd, and I was riding round the herd, same as the other boys, when it started first to rain and then to hail.

I saw one hailstone drop nearly as big as a hen egg. I jumped off my horse immediately, because I knew what a hailstorm meant. I jerked the saddle and bridle off my horse and squatted down, putting the saddle over my head to protect as much of me as possible. Even so I had both hands skinned all over and my feet and knees were pounded into a jelly.

All the boys out with the herd had their slickers on, because they had known it was going to rain. Some of them tried to protect their heads by putting their slickers over their heads, but that didn't help much. Ev Cartwright was

knocked senseless and fell off his horse. His face got cut and bruised something awful. One steer was killed and several horses were knocked down.

When the hail stopped it began to pour down rain, with the damnedest wind I ever saw. I finally got into camp with my saddle and bridle and there I saw the funniest sight I believe ever came my way. Some of the boys were under the mess wagon and some under the bed wagon. Others were in under the bed tent, which was flat down. In fact, every tent and teepee was down. The tent pins were all pulled up and most of them were still hanging on the ropes.

The beds were all rolled up under the bed tent and Mart Hanby and Ben Thompson were in there lying beside a bed roll with the tent spread over them. They thought it was still hailing, because every time a good gust of wind came along the tent pins attached to the tent ropes would hit them on the legs or back. It was funny, but we were all so miserable we couldn't see anything funny in it then.

There was a two-mile wide strip where that

hail struck, and every bit of vegetation in the strip was killed. There was no more grass than you would find on a marble floor. And the storm knocked nearly every window light out of the houses in Big Sandy.

That evening, after the big storm, the cars came in for our beef, so we loaded out the next morning and started out for the beef gather proper.

I was sent over on the Shonkin range to rep that fall, and I stayed there until the last shipment. When we finished gathering we wound up on Cowboy Home Creek, at the Square ranch, owned by a Mr. Milner. I cut my cattle there, and the Shonkin foreman gave me a man to help cross what cattle I had gathered.

I had no beef, so I just went to the mouth of Arrow Creek and crossed and turned my cattle loose. I took my saddle horses and went right up the river. I got to the mouth of Eagle Creek and pulled in for the night at the Connely ranch.

The next spring McNamara bought the Circle Bar cattle from down below the Montana line in Wyoming, and had them trailed up. He got into

Big Sandy as we were finishing the cow and calf gather. When we got through weaning and the calves were divided up into their separate bunches George Carver and I were sent up to the Seifert to feed about three hundred head, and to look after the poor cows in the big field.

After we got our camp established in a little cabin Mac had us take in some other boys, for he had some heavy work for us to do. Frank Howard and Tom Schenck came up and stayed with us, and we had a pretty good time, going to town and taking in the dances everywhere. We had our camp fixed up in nice shape just about Christmas time.

About the twenty-second old man Helbig came in with a load of turkeys and big white ducks. Swanson, who owned the Log Cabin Saloon, bought them from him and started raffling them off. We boys would get in on every turkey, or at least one of us would, and we were all pretty good poker players except Tom Schenck. He couldn't play poker fast enough, but he was all right shaking dice. The first night Swanson was out of turkeys before midnight, and

we had twenty-five turkeys and six big white ducks.

We talked things over among ourselves and decided that we only wanted two turkeys and one duck for Christmas. We raffled those birds off ourselves. Always one of us would be in the game playing for them. We kept that up until the night of the twenty-third, and still we had twelve turkeys and four ducks.

We quit playing on the twenty-fourth about noon, and when we figured up our cash in hand outside of our original amount, we were in the clear just eighty dollars. We divided that between us and called it good.

That winter, after the work was done and the calves were divided for feeding Mac sent George and me over to Coutts, a police station on Milk River, to ride the border until spring. We had a great time.

We got to know the mounted police pretty well, and found them a nice bunch of boys. When there would be a dance in Shelby we would take the mounties to Shelby and show them a good time. When there was a dance up in Canada, not

too far away, they would take us, and they would do everything they could to make the party a jolly one.

The only cost to us or McNamara was the beef we ate, because we furnished the beef; the mounties furnished everything else, including grain and hay for our horses.

The last of March, 1901, we got orders to come into the home ranch and get ready for the spring work, so we left our happy home in Coutts and took our horses and BEAT IT.

THE END

R01250 37713

R01250 37713

DISCARD